

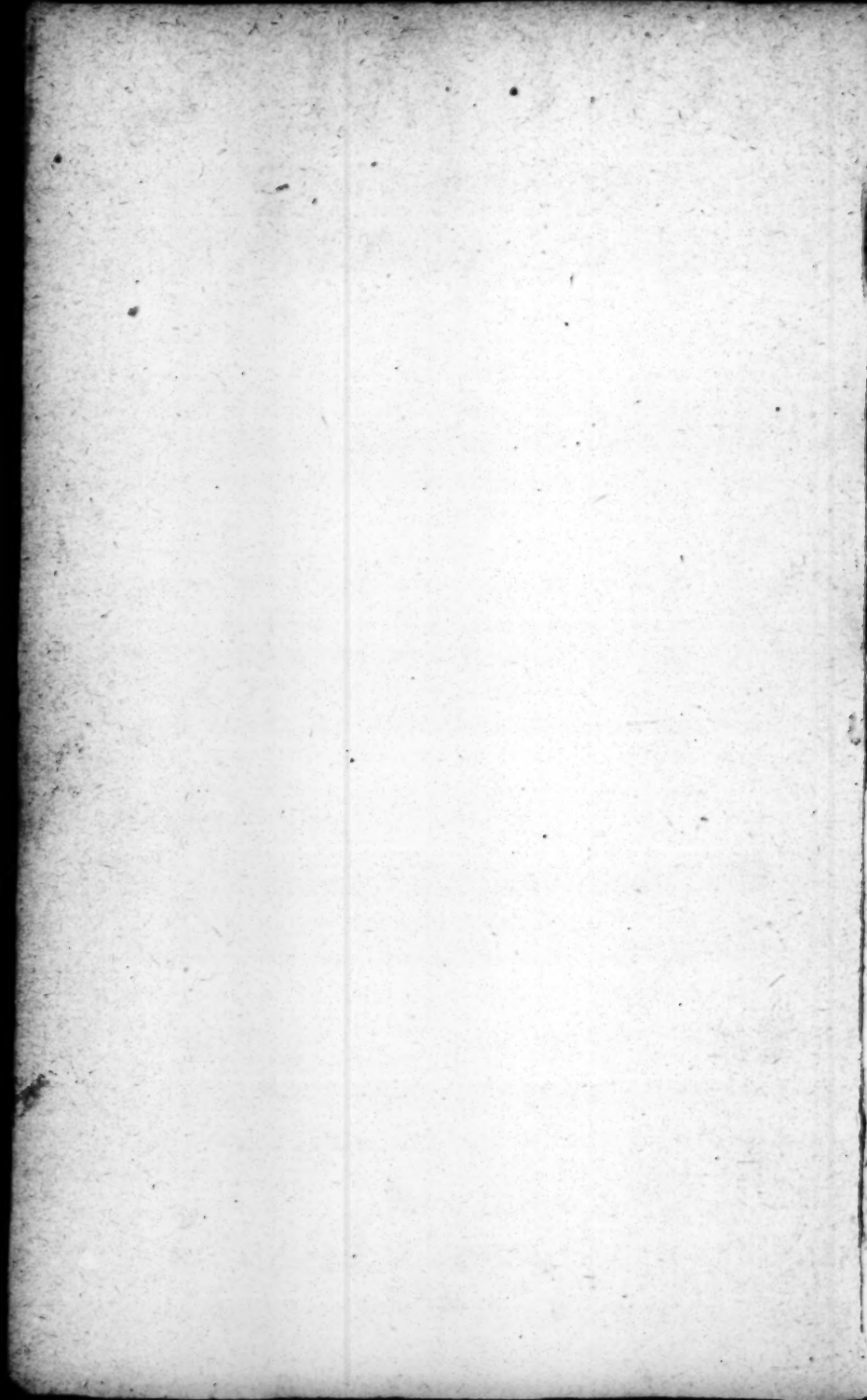
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POEMS;

AND

ESSAYS:

WITH

A Paraphrase on Cicero's LÆLIUS;

OR

Of Friendship.

Written in Heroick Verse

By a Gentleman of Quality.

Ovid. Amor. lib. 1. Elegia 15.

*Pascitur in vivis livor : post fata quiescit,
Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honor.*

LONDON,

Printed by J. C. for W. Place, at Grays-Inn Gate
in Holborn, 1673.



TO THE

READER.



S I have diverted my self
enough with these Poems
and Tractates; so I now
bestow them on the world.
If it finde cause to be sa-
tisfied in their reception; I am con-
tent: However, I am pleas'd, and
will be.

I threaten none with Wit, who cannot,
or are not willing to finde it: If they
do not perceive, or yield to my sense,
I shall be bold to conclude as little of
theirs; and so we are even however.

To the Reader,

If this Age, (of which I am a Member) be not as Ingenious as I could wish, I am as inclinable to grant my defects amongst other mens.

To dispute the concerns of Wit, were to be engaged in Follies and Trifles; and I am not so desirous to be a fool of my own making; I will leave that to Criticks, to do for me; or such Curious heads that can spin Sense into Nonsense.

If my Wit be accomplish'd enough to be my Zany, I care not much if my Jests fit not other men; or if I play with my Muse with as much content as Montaigne did with his Cat, so I scratch no Bodies Face, or Fingers, I will use my liberty without asking leave.

I have here writ Essays and Poems, and I have Reason enough to expect some big looks on both, since few have been granted to do either well. But I assure
all

To the Reader.

all such, that I will not be inquisitive of my success in their faces, no more than I shall Interrogate my Stationer whether my Book passeth best by Wholesale, or by Retail : 'tis on his own account, if too much of my paper lyes on his hands.

I have debarr'd my self already the asking pardon for faults, by acknowledging my satisfaction in what I have done : Though the contrary be the modest Artifice of some to beget praise : A Farce, though translated, is not now adayes Printed without it ; whereas I desire no Juggling with my Reader, or my self.

If I have been too airy or wanton in some of my Poems, he may finde me more serious in others : It was Martial's vein ; and he succeeded well enough in both. The truth is, my Muse took some encouragement from thence ; at least

To the Reader.

had not appear'd so much a Libertine, had it not been for his sake, and the Reflexions I have made use of from him in some few places.

I have only this Apology to make to Ladies, that where they apprehend my Muse too much a Wanton, they would manage accordingly their blushes before their Servants and Admirers; not doubting, (where I have hit their fancies) they may as much smile when alone: nor can I but pity the Artificial Constraints of the fair Sex, in being oblig'd to dissemble (with no small trouble to themselves) their soft Inclinations.

Love-Verses will have something of their Comick part, or they will seem unmanly, or unpleasant: our Amours have but one natural way of entertainment; and their Wit must be something like it.

Poets

To the Reader.

Poets have been alwayes great admirers of the feats of Cupid, and I believe had they feigned Nine hundred Muses instead of Nine, their Inspirations had been most devoted to his Divinity. A late Ingenious Writer says, pleasantly enough, that Poets are not free of their Profession until they have thoroughly dealt in the affairs of Love. My Compositions here, of that kinde, have cost me but few Weeks; and I shall be glad to purchase my freedom in so short a time: They may perhaps shew me a Lover, and my Inclinations no less ready to Intrigue with my Wit; it is all the excuse I can make, should my Pen be thought otherwise Impertinent, or to have nothing to do with my self: as also I am so charitable, to believe that no man with any delight to his thoughts could concern his brain this way, if absolutely a Stranger to its passion; which

To the Reader.

is so much Mankind's, that upon the matter 'tis every mans; and I will take leave to suppose so of Women. You have the Apology of my Muse in Prose, and you shall have another immediately in Verse.



The Reader is desir'd to rectifie these following *Errata*, before, or as he does peruse the Book: which, by reason of the Author's being out of Town some time of the Impression, together with the Printer's mistakes, give this trouble to his Reader against his will.

The ERRATA.

PAg. 4. lin. i. for *did our read did his*, p. 5. l. 9. for *guilt's*
read *gilt's*, p. 7. l. 15. for *by* read *beg*, p. 13. l. 23. for *Muses*
read *Naso's*, p. 14. l. 2. for *turns* read *tends*, p. 14. l. 14. for *Wo-*
mens read *womans*, p. 14. l. 15. for *dams* read *dames*, p. 17. l. 5.
for *suck'd* read *kiss'd*, p. 18. l. 12. for *near* read *wear*, p. 20. l. 21.
for *Nanne* read *Nunne*, p. 22. l. 11. for *Plato's* read *Pluto's*, p. 23.
l. 16. for *the* read *what*, p. 30. l. 21. for *had* read *t'bad*, p. 31.
l. 12. for *cheerful beams* read *beaming light*, p. 34. l. 16. for *receive*
read *receives*, p. 34. l. 28. for *her* read *as*, p. 37. l. 13. for *guilt*
read *gilt*, p. 40. l. 4. for *approve* read *a proof*, p. 59. l. 18. for *most*
read *must*.



To his ensuing P O E M S.

Stand on your Feet now, Verses, if you can,
 And face the Critick, and Censorious man :
 If, these shall charge your Lines with empty
 Or falsely say they halt that are not lame, (blame,
 Be sure your Muse do not confess a Blush,
 Or yeeld to feel a Rod that's made of Rush.
 But if the Just, or Great, to ease their leasure,
 Admit to read your Mirth and Verse with pleasure,
 Be all Humility, I charge, to Them ; (denn.
 Nay, yeeld you have some Faults they may Con-
 The worthy Critick Justice will you do,
 And teach th'Injurious to be Modest too.
 If by Illustrious Beauties you are read,
 That gently tax some things too Wanton said ;
 Ask Pardon for each Blush your Muse did raise,
 And shew 'um where she sings their Vertues praise.
 Pay your Respects to all you find to be
 Something indulg'd to Love's frail Liberty :
 If not for yours, for their sakes they'll admit
 To Love a *License*, or at least its Wit.

On Stella.

S*Tella* my Dove, her Dove delights ;
 And I no less the Soft Bird praise ;
 Whose am'rous Cooing Love invites,
 And does to us new Pleasures raise.

The Dove she kiss'd, and kiss'd and throak'd,
 Whilst Love was panting in her brest.
 This Metaphor soon me provok'd
 Gently to kiss, and do the rest.

So *Lesbia's* soft white breast did warm
 The Sparrow which *Catullus* sung ;
 Whose Muse from it receiv'd a Charm,
 As in this Bird Love us'd his tongue.

Then be thou to thy Dove still kinde,
 And it shall prompt my Love and me ;
 As if a Blush betray'd thy minde,
 And told how kinde thy Bloud would be.

On

On Lesbia.

Lesbia laments her Sparrow dead
 More than her loss of Maidenhead :
 The Bird's death seem'd her tears to try ;
 The other thing with Joy did die :
 She gladly there receiv'd a Wound,
 That Love might frolick more profound.
 So when the Teeming Earth men plow,
 The sallow under ground must go.

Each time her Chirping Bird did cough,
 She ready was to do as much ;
 And with her eye had found a trick
 To winde me up above my nick :
 As none Love's Treasure truly pay,
 Unless they for its Coynage stay.

This Lustful Bird's short life doth show
 How swiftly Life and Love do flow ;
 Whose death I therefore less repine,
 Since it provok'd her loss with mine ;
 Though both to lose must still agree,
 Love's gain is Prodigality.

The Repetition.

With some weak means, but strong desire,
 We blew Loves Embers to a fire :

Out

Our Pantings did our Bellows joyn
 Her Breath did fan one Flame with mine,
 The welcome Heat we yet increase,
 But soon it caus'd Delight to cease.
 I wish'd my Limbs consum'd might be,
 Then now Love's Taper less to see,
 Which by her Limbeck's heat had been
 Dissolv'd into a smaller thing.
 She smil'd, and said it pity was
 Love's Pomp in so much haste should pass ;
 So proud to rise, yet pleas'd to fall :
 His States-man onely does them all.

Of a Servant to an Ancient Lady.

A Lady that wore *Autumn* in her face,
 And had no lines that her decays could grace,
 A certain Gallant did so courtly woo,
 As if his Spring of Love could hers renew.
 His Friends at length the Motive did espie ;
 He knew her Rich, and hop'd she'd shortly die.

To Lesbia.

Too much my *Lesbia* goes astray,
 In Nature's wilde Lascivious way.
 The guardian-eyes upon thee set,
 Have seen thee play at thy La-bet :
 And now methinks thou dost begin
 To long for leave of me to sin.

Though

Though thy hot guilt I do assigne
 More to dame Nature's crime then thine,
 Which has on thee bestow'd more heat
 Then unto vertue had been meet :
 Or else by thee 'tis well agreed,
 That unto love Mankind is freed ;
 Or that 'tis Charity to grant
 Love, which in none should be a want :
 So little of the guilt's in thee,
 Thou couldst even blush at honesty,
 Which if in any thou dost find,
 Thou call'st it cruel, or unkind.
 Thy eyes such languishment do bear,
 That vertue do's her best looks fear,
 Or else do's warm her cold designe
 By the brisk flame she sees in thine.
 Perhaps thou wilt on me complain,
 And say my love did thine Restraine ;
 Too strictly would be understood
 To make thee its peculiar good.
 Then be thou free as light or air,
 And as thou pleas't Embark thy fare :
 But take a care thou dost not load
 Too much thy Vessel with a crow'd ,
 When every Top-sail it shall guide
 Will prove thou sink'st below thy pride ;
 Or such calm streams provide to steer ,
 As may thy dangers most beware :
 Love's Triumph, and his Sun-shine's shown
 Neer, but not in his Torrid Zone.
 Howe're to sweeten thy fair fate ,
 Thy Eclipse I with the latest date ,
 Since all the good to thee allow'd,
 Is old ; Retirement to a cloud.

To a Friend.

THou tell'st me, Friend, my Wit more gamesome was,
 Than by the serious Schools is fit to pass :
 Fear'ng perhaps its liberty in Toys
 Should bring Preceptors to Leap-frog with Boys,
 When the smooth Breech does to the Rod so ply,
 As first the Master tastes it with his eye.
 But this no more's our Crime than that before ;
 A many whip'd, as well as kiss'd their Whore :
 Lust, was still Nature's gayetie, and Jest ;
 On new and old, she loves alike to feast.
 The mirth of Epigrams does most invite,
 When with its Salt we relish our delight ;
 Such as the longing Wife is pleas'd to read,
 Or tempts Erection in her Husbands bed.
 Verse that's too sober, favours of that sense
 That would commend our Nature's Impotence.
 Who gelds my Wit, I wish him the disgrace
 To be disabled in another place.
 To Eunuchs, May-poles are no pleasant sight ;
 Nor blame we such, if they our Verses spite.

Another.

WHOERE reads mine with a Malicious Wit,
 Or Carps or Rails because he knows not it ;
 My Muse against him no Revenge shall crave ;
 Enough I know him either Fool or Knave :

Or what is worse, let it be still his fate,
 To have less Wit than that provokes his hate.
 Such Censures best their Malice will condemn,
 When Envie is above despising them.

On Fortitude.

I Love not Valour that too prone bends
 To raise a Trophée where life Rashly ends.
 The Wise and Valiant such will most deride,
 Who shew they have less Fortitude than Pride.
 Give me the man that can arrive to Fame,
 Yet so, as for it none his peril blame.

The Invitation.

E Dila to embrace inviteth me;
 My Wishes haste my Love too fast for me;
 The Flame it self consumes, her Love awakes,
 And in a smother almost me forsakes.
 With shame I by her sprightlier heat to stay,
 Until my Post of Love be on his way.
 She yeelds contented, and does me implore
 To curb my Steed, if she's too swift before.
 By which smooth artifice our pleasures joyn;
 Hers in the Van retreat to meet with mine.

The Deceit.

WHil't Chast, *Levina* had so flatter'd fame,
That her strict Husband her restraint did blame :
Delights she soon like other Ladies took ,
Whose Husbands keep no Errata in their Book :
Or else at length the man perceiv'd it vain
Longer to keep his longing Wife in pain.

Bathing in a River.

HEr Breasts like Swans upon the Billows move ,
Like *Leda* there she Sung, and charm'd her love.
A youthful Gallant swimming, kiss'd these Streams,
Sustain'd her Person, and reflect her beams :
Then dives into this waters pleasing deep ,
And thence upon Love's sacred Isle do's peep :
Next, rounds her Legs, betwixt them next do's glide,
Wishing he might another thing so guide.
The Stream she swimming takes, and found a way
More Mermaid-like, with his desires to play.
What's done besides, is hard to guess, or tell,
If cold Love's heat and moisture could repell :
Or Love perhaps did here the act forbid,
Pleas'd by *Antiperistasis* to be hid.

The Ruine.

Time, the shadow of man's dayes,
 With neither Youth or Age it stayes;
 Cuts off the weak, decays the strong,
 And most of all things Love do's wrong:
 A Tyrant that do's Beauty rase,
 Which lives to dye in VVomans face:
 Could'st thou not with our Loves so play,
 That Beauties life might last decay?
 The fair ones then would less repent
 Those dying Minutes thou hast lent:
 VVhil'st thou, alas, dost bid them see
 Their Spring and Autumns fate in thee,
 Vext to remember they were Fair
 Above what Art can now repair:
 Or else their Dress, or Woman blame
 For all those mischief's by thee came:
 Who, after Beauties Flowers are spent,
 Perhaps to Love would yet consent:
 Whil'st thou unkindly bid'st them know
 What unto past delight they owe:
 Which since they cannot now restore,
 Their only hope is to Implore,
 That they in t'other world renew
 Such lustre's here they once did shew.

Fricatrices,

Fricatrices : or, a She upon a She.

TWO Females meeting, found a sportful way
 Without Man's help a Tickling game to play.
 They cozen'd *Venus*, yet consented so,
 That something like it they resolv'd to do.
 What Nature to their aid did next present,
 We must suppose was short of their intent.
 The Fairest then lay down; the other strove
 Manhood to act with Female power and love.
 Their nimble heat dissolv'd the active dew,
 Which from their Pearls within its moisture drew.
 But soon their pleasures were deceiv'd, to finde
 The-one Thing wanted to which both had minde.
 Like Vessels that no Rigging want, or Gale,
 Ply here, and there, for want of a Top-sail.
 One said she was the Woman; t'other swore
 She ought to be the Man, and she the Whore.
 Who upper lay, the under now would be;
 But which should be the Woman, can't agree:
 At last, at their mistake they yield to smile,
 And grant Loves pleasures nothing can beguile.
 A Man they wanted, and a Man would have,
 Since he the Dildo has which Nature gave.

On Clelia.

SONG.

More white and soft than Swanny Down
 My *Clelia* does to me appear;
 Her Red besides as much her own,
 Which but in Paint so many wear.

2.

Her Beauties Winde and Sun endure;
 Each Feature still its Spring does show:
 Love does his Summer there secure,
 And there his Cherries lively grow.

3.

Like some bright Nymph that joys much more
 The healthful Looks in fields she gains,
 Than of Love's Captives in her power,
 Or how ador'd by them she Reigns.

4.

If *Eden's* Crime had never been,
 I would have sworn for thy fair sake,
 It had been for some mighty Sinne;
 Few women like thee heaven does make.

5.

Though had I *Adam* been, thou *Eve*,
 And had a Paradise withal;
 The Forfeit first my Love should give,
 So I might but enjoy thy Fall.

The Conceited.

WHo can the value of thy Genius know,
That in conceit alone, do'st all things do?
With Storyes fram'd, thou entertain'st our Ear,
Though nothing but thy self in them appear.
Good Poet thou art not, 'tis very plain,
Since thy Life's farce, thy Lines can best maintain.
From Wit, unto the Stars thy thoughts advance,
And talk'st of Letters, and of Heaven by chance:
If thus thou mock'st thy self, who would mock thee?
My Pen, at least, thy Mimick shall not be.

The Chaste.

I'Le grant thee something more than Flesh and Blood,
If thou desir'st to be so understood:
Or that an Angel did thy Form dispense
From his Divine and brightest quintessence:
And that no more of Love thou own'st within,
Then to pronounce it Vanity or Sin;
Or like a flower, which when the Orb of light
Refresheth with his Influence and sight;
To shew its obligations from above
Yieldeth to blush for warmth, though not for Love.
But this being granted, what is it to be
Esteem'd in Flesh and Blood a Myserie?
Canst thou long hope thy Soul should circling play
In all thy sprightly Veins? yet never say

'Tis touch'd with sense, or that thy Blood should float
 Through all Love's Channels, and not there promote
 His Loadstones use, more strong effects do's feel
 From thy soft Beams, then t'other do's from Steel:
 To Live and Love is Natures highest right,
 Who either do decline her Blessings spite:
 Then still be not so modest to deny,
 Lest most conceive thou giv'st thy self the lye:
 Or, If thou think'st no man can merit thee,
 Thou but thy Image liv'st to all, and me.

The Interrogation.

TELL me, my Muse, why thou desir'st to be
 So much Indulg'd to Love's soft Poësie:
 Oor do'st thou think thy Flames can kindle wit
 Equal to what is on that Subject writ?
 Love is a Theam too ancient to create
 A Poët, other than of latest Date.
 The Shepherd first on tender Reed could play,
 His fellow-Rural's charm'd with Loves soft lay:
 Diviner *Orpheus* Woods and Trees could move,
 To us Records the wonders of his Love.
Eliza, in great *Maro*'s lasting Lines,
 Speaks her soft flames, and with *Troys* ruine shines;
 Illustrious Muses Verse taught Love such Art,
 That *Cupid* still from him best acts his Part.
 If we ascend from ours to *Homer*'s time,
 And take along our own best sense and Rhime,
 The witty *Fletcher*, and Elaborate *Ben*,
 And *Shakespeare*, had the first Dramatique Pen:

In most of their admired Scenes we prove,
 Their Business or their Passion turns to Love.
 Cowly, no less good man than Poet too,
 Blush'd not his Verse should us his Mistress show:
 Beauty from Poets more than Painters lives;
 He but their Lines in fading colours gives.
 We can't now *Helen* from *Apelles* take;
 But *Homer's* Pencil her fair Life did make.
 So much oblig'd are all of Woman-kinde,
 As they their Fairest from the Muses finde.
 My Muse no less ambitious, bids implore
 Her for some Treasure of Love's witty store;
 Which she assur'd me never could decrease,
 While Lustres were beheld in womens face;
 Then represents her dams unto my eye,
 Asking to which my thoughts did most comply;
 Whether the Amorous Brown my Verse should praise;
 Or if the Fair I'd more Celestial raise;
 Or else, the lovely Black that Charms the sight,
 Should be my Theme; as she's the Queen of Night:
 This pass'd, and in a Trance a while I lay,
 Expecting what Love to my Muse would say;
 Which soon resolv'd, that if she'd finde me Wit,
 Each handsome woman should have Love, with it.

Love's Bow.

Sure *Cupid* has no other Bow,
 Than what Heav'n's various Arch does show;
 From which he sends his Amorous Darts,
 And thence as many Wounds gives hearts;
 If this Complexion of the Sky
 Can Image Love's Variety.

z. Some

Some Shafts he colours like the cheeks
 Of Lilies dy'd in Morning-streaks ;
 Others he gives a deeper Ground,
 Whence lovely Brown, or Black do wound :
 Varying with these his Mothers eyes,
 Adorn'd like Crystal of the skies.

Thus count the Rays each heart do take
 With all the mingles Love does make,
 And *Archimedes* Art will prove
 Deficient to proportion Love,
 Though he could number every sand
 Suppos'd 'twixt heav'n and earth to stand.

There's then no Rule can Love ~~define~~ *define*,
 But as it suits thy Brest, or mine ;
 Whether it be from taking Feature,
 Or the Agreeable by Nature ;
 Though each of these alone, at best,
 Renders the Lovers half in jest.

Give me such Looks may raise Desire ;
 Next, Wit to quicken more my Fire :
 Else, but too soon my Love may waste,
 As it on Lust's swift wings does halte ;
 Whilst he rates onely Beauties flame,
 Gives to a Blank a Prizes name.

Yet might I chuse, my Love should be
 Of Nature's best simplicity,
 When Wit unartifi'd does grace
 The Rose and Lilies of the Face ;
 This must be Nature's onely she,
 And I declare her so to me.

S O N G.

Now having prov'd thy fond delays
 With all thy pride and scorn,
 No more my love shall make Essays,
 Since to be still forlorn;
 What Soldier that would Honour win;
 Will teach his Prowesse such a Sin?

2.

I'll find some easie thing to Love
 Unpractis'd in disdain:
 Or else thy Sex throughout I'll prove,
 And Hundreds for thee gain.
 He limits too much Nature's power
 That Courts the Spring but in one Flower.

3.

But if I thus thy charms can slight,
 Well may some other too:
 And then perhaps thou't quit thy height
 As froward Haggards do,
 That flye the watchful Faulconers call
 Till their own Pride compells their fall.

The

The Banquet.

SONG.

I Feasted on her Eye and look
 With every pretty grace,
 And thought Love read his fairest Book
 As I beheld her Face.

2.

I suck'd a Cherry from her Lip
 Where grow Ten thousand more,
 And my Tongue sayes (without a slip)
 None tasted so before.

3.

I drank such Nectar from her Eyes
 As sparkl'd in my Veins;
 She made my Love both drunk and wise,
 So mystical it rains.

4.

In Wine she drank a kiss to me;
 I kiss'd, and drank another:
 She vow'd with me she'd equal be,
 And kiss'd, and so drank t'other.

5.

To Love and Wine said I, this day
 Shall by us two be given,
 They both are God's, as some do say,
 And wee'll enjoy their Heaven.

The Value.

A M I profuse because I give
 Leave to my Soul with thine to live ?
 I'll take th' Enquest of all that know
 What's fit bright Beauty to allow ,
 If I my *Cloris* farther prize
 Then she do's merit from my Eyes.

2.

Let Taylors Judge if her smooth Shape
 Prompts not in them her secret Rape :
 Or Shoo-makers, if their works most prize
 Because it fits her foots neat size.
 Nor less the Glover pleas'd has bin,
 To see her soft Hand near his Skin :
 Each tire about her has a grace ,
 Yet adds not to her Shape , or Face.

3.

Thou hast such charms can reconcile
 The Prodigal and Misers smile :
Andly, who had a thrifty Curse
 For thee would soon have op'd his Purse :
 Though scantily us'd for Cloaths and meat ,
 Some tell a Mistress he could treat.

4.

What's then my Treasure , that can kiss
 My self unto the height of bliss :
 To warm my Soul at her Soul's fire ,
 And so exalt and quench desire,
 The wonders Love can only do ,
 Two Souls do's Joy'n ; yet keeps them two.

Time for such Joyes too small is given;
 Yet nothing more resembles Heaven:
 Had these Eternity to boot,
 Love's Angels dwelt on Earth no doubt.

The Interval.

IF thou Love's pleasures think'st too short and sweet,
 And finish'd *Venus* canst regret,
 Let us deferre Embrace, and next permit
 Th' Intervals of Love and Wit:
 To Act, and not first Court thy amorous Flame,
 Were more to make thee blush for shame.

2

A Lovers fire is soonest so put out.
 Its Element should move about
 Thy Lip, thy Cheeks, thy Brow, thy Nose, and Eye,
 And Judge how Naked thou wilt ply:
 Love's Harmony, if well compos'd of these,
 His secret touch will better please.

3.

The act in too much pleasant haste is done;
 Its Zenith but arriv'd, 'tis gone:
 Though Nature is pretending to new height
 In ev'ry act of Love's Delight,
 Yet all that our Enjoyments can explore,
 Is what we knew, or did before.

The Enjoyment.

I Must and will Enjoy, 'tis Nature's sense,
 Which has on reason an Omnipotence :
 The Leveller Love, 's her Minister of State,
 And Prince and Peasant's Joys alike makes great.
 If Nature be no Fool, nor thou nor I
 Can be thought such, if with her we comply.
 At this perhaps thou't start, or else begin
 To threaten both with that Big-word call'd Sin :
 Whil'st reason's own Religion does submit
 To feast ; where sense more busie is than wit :
 If Nature Love designs to be her Farce,
 Who can deny her mirth though near the--

The precise One.

THou Lov'st, and yet seem'st to deny
 (A tender-Conscienc'd way no doubt)
 Who well the Spirit first will try
 Before the Candle is put out.

2.

This, fair *Enthusiast*, I'll permit ,
 Nay more, approve thy *Heretic* :
 Love's Zeal does all Religions fit ,
 And *Luther* so a Pope could be.

3.

He taught the Lusty *Nanne* her Sin,
 That with her *Dildo* play'd alone :

An example like to which had bin
Found in Decretals of Pope *Joan*.

4.

Thy Zeal, thy Love does well devise,
Who for his Altars smiles to get
Such flames themselves best Sacrifice;
And to that purpose we are met.

5.

At this she yields, I know not how;
Her Eyes Phanatick-like up-cast:
But I suppose to implore now
Love's inspirations long might last.

The Promise.

THou promis'd me two tedious dayes ago
That I the pleasing feat with thee should do,
And now thou hast deferr'd me unto three
The first odd Number's myserie,
And such a Root I have for thee.

2.

Thus far thy Arithmetick I can permit,
More to increase thy Sums of Love and Wit;
Some turns I grant may beautifie Love's Scene,
But if too long, 'tis kept in pain;
'Twill not endure one Female's Raigin.

3.

Love has too many Idols in his power,
One Superstitious Beauty to adore:
Nay, spight of what thy haughty self can do,
Thou hast a Thing for me does woo,
The Proudest Flesh about thee too.

4.
 Yet, yield as stately as thou canst devise,
 More to be made Love's pomp and prize:
 Like *Lucrece*, ravish'd seem unto my eye,
 But let thy thighs like *Thais* ply,
 And as thy Dreams the Fact deny.

The Wife.

I'de have her Beauteous, gay as air,
 Yet so my love to make her care,
 That she may ne'r of mine despair.

2.
 I'de have her Lips like Cherries red,
 But not the Hair upon her Head,
 As 'twas of *Plato's* Mistress sed.

3.
 Her Cheeks should Rose and Lillies show,
 Her Eye-brows drawn like *Cupid's* Bow,
 Hair Tortoise-brown, and sleeker too.

4.
 Her Nose I'de have a little high,
 'Tis Love's delight and Majesty;
 Or *Mabomet* has told a lye.

5.
 Her Mouth should have no *Austrian* shape,
 Left Something else do like it Gape,
 Or her Lock there my Key escape.

6.
 To teach my Pen to paint her Breast,
 The Balls which Love do's play with best,
 I'de have 'um well compleat the rest.

7.

Of a tall and slender race,
Naked best in every place,
Her Dress though neat, her meanest Grace.

8.

Her Luxury should be to know
How Love has lent to me his Bow,
And so receive my shaft below.

9.

Next her Embrace, I'de have her wit
In every Joynt my reason fit;
Or from *Minerva's* Dart most hit.

10.

Penelope my House to guide,
More wanton lying by my side,
And such a She, I'de chuse my Bride.

*Of a Lady whose love was unknown to
her Servant.*

SONG.

DO'ft not perceive my Languishments and looks?
Or are my Eyes like Hieroglyphick Books,
Still to be read, and not discern
The Emblem 'tis I bid thee learn?
Although my Heart a blush to spare,
Treats thus at distance from thy Ear.

2.

Pitty that Mortal's Passions can't convey
As Stars do theirs, by mingling each a ray,

And not make use of duller Sense,
 When Love bestows its Influence :
 So might my kindl'd Eyes reveal,
 What Stars less kind from thee conceal.

But since my looks, Love's Engines, cannot make
 Impressions on thy heart, I fain wou'd take,
 Think't not Inglorious to prevail,
 If by my Tongue I first assail :
 Though all by it I can express,
 Is short of what I bid thee guess.

Of Loving unadvis'd.

Ask not my Soul why 'tis I love,
 No more than why our Heaven's above :
 Love has its causes there conceal'd,
 With mysteries to be reveal'd :
 Then think bold Reason that thy Sense
 Disputes but with Omnipotence.
 Thou't say perhaps I yield too soon,
 So doth our Lives to Death alone,
 Which, if it lays on but a Hand,
 Dissolves us straight at its command :
 And shall not Love's immortal fire
 Kindle more swift, then we expire ?
 Ask me no more, then why, or who :
 I love because I must do so ;
 Nor need I pity to my heart,
 Pleas'd with Love's wounds alone to smart.

*On a Lady walking in Grayes-Inne-
Walks.*

THrice Lovely Maid, as thou these Walks dost grace,
Soft Birds salute thy coming hither
More than the Springs, whose Beautie's thine disgrace,
That blooming May does seem to wither.

Vexatious Lawyers, that for Clients Gold,
Their wrangling Theams contemplate here :
Will with their Tongues (as they shall thee behold,)
Had that soft quilt to bribe th' Ear.

Or else, perhaps unto thy beauteous fame
These shades will henceforth Dedicate,
As once to *Cyprus*, *Venus* gave a Name,
Though not of such Immortal date.

And thus amongst bright Beauties thee I spy'd,
Such difference have the Stars and Sun,
As if thy Glories did the rest so guide,
As they for Beams about him run.

Some, that thou art Brown or Black, perhaps will say,
Though that's to me (than fair) more bright,
And who'd not give some Blessings of the Day
To be the only Queen of Night ?

Forgive me then, if charm'd with soft desires,
And who but wish'd as well as I ?

Who

Who more attempts, too boldly do's aspire,
And by thy frowns deserves to dye.

Yet I would Ravish all thy pleasing Dreams
Of Love, when it enjoy'd thy Breast,
So as my Sleeps might be its actual Theams,
And thus suppose thou art posselt.

But thou wilt smile at this Platonick boast,
Thou art so much Woman I dare say,
As he that thinks to count without his Hoast
Will still have something left to pay.

SONG.

Fairest Virgin, tell my Love but why
Thou art at once so Proud and Fair,
Since few deserve a Victory
That can Insult by making War.

Yet as thou play'st the Tyrant, know
In looks consists thy greatest might;
And thus their Charms can Serpents show,
When they unkindly wound the sight.

But 'tis my guilt, as well as thine,
That makes thee thus In-glorious great;
I did to Love my Heart resigne,
And so Conspir'd with my Defeat.

Whil'st thou, though glorying in thy Charms,
Perhaps at last may'st quit thy Strength:

As Honour treats to lay down Arms,
So let thy Vertue yield at length.

To one who slighted his Mistress.

THou tell'st me that my Love is poor,
But thine has Land and Coyn,
I wish Friend so had mine.
And yet I envy not thy store,
Though I love Money full well too,
And know the wonders it can do.

2.

It Spirits Love, and makes it Fine,
Give's us best Meat and Wine;
I ne'r Friend like it knew
I dare be sworn, as well as you;
And yet I doat not to behold
A Bristow-Stone, though set in Gold.

3.

Then prethee *Jack* be well advis'd,
Think not thou art more Wise
'Cause Money brib'd thy Eyes,
While mine could not be so surpris'd:
And 'tis thy Judgment less than spight,
Since thou'dst give boot to change a Night.

Upon a Lady.

AS some bold Pencil do's attempt to draw
Such bright perfections his frail Skill o're-awe

And

And Nature but presents, to let us know,
 We are to wonder, and pay duty so,
 Thus is my Pen, Ambitiously at strife,
 How to Admire, and yet Express the Life
 Of your fair Vertues, which to all appear,
 Pure as the Light, Harmonious as the Sphear.
 So great an all, as like the Sun, you move,
 Quickning at once Divinity and Love;
 But were I *Persian* and ador'd him too,
 I'de quit my Faith, so I might worship you.
 Your Vertues so dilate, as thence markinde,
 Sum those bright Glories, in your Sex they find;
 Such taking greatness, and such winning ease,
 That where you scarce will look, you more then please;
 As if you gently fear'd our hearts surprize
 By beaming lustres, from your conquering eyes:
 How happy may you make a wounded Breast,
 When Love in all, does for your sake contest,
 And Rival wonders, which your graces raise,
 In Tongues and Hearts, that must adore their praise.

*The Enjoyment, or Corinne Concupitus,
 Translated out of Ovid's Elegies.*

When Sol's bright Orb gave middle time to day,
 Retir'd from heat, stretch'd on my Bed I lay,
 One Window shut, the other open stood,
 As light here shadowing pass'd, as in a Wood:
 Or Evening twi-lights gentle beams convey,
 Or that lost Instant night salutes the day,

Such

Such tender glimmerings, blushing Virgins Steal,
 Who fear that Night will scarce their shame conceal.
 And thus *Corinna* gently does appear
 With Robes ungirt, in tender folds her hair,
 Such fair *Semiramis* in Bed does shew,
 Or *Lais* dress'd, who many Lovers knew,
 Her Robes I sever with a tender hand,
 While she resists that Love she wou'd command.
 Seeming to strive with'd freedom to restrain;
 But soon betrayes the Conquest Love must gain:
 Thus interposing vales, being now lay'd by,
 How did she ravish both my Heart and Eye?
 What beauteous Limbs and Parts, I view and touch,
 Breasts to Impress even Gods might wish for such:
 As smooth a Belly under these did lye,
 'Twixt spacious Sides; next them, her youthful Thigh:
 What should I more Re-count, that all must praise?
 Then on her Body mine I gently raise:
 Who cannot guess the rest as thus we lay?
 So let Meridians pass with me each day.

*Upon an Inn that Lodged me on a
 Journey.*

BEing come to Lodge, where night oblig'd my Rest,
 I found an Inn that welcom'd me a Guest;
 But such a one, as scarce *Arabian* Thief
 Would shelter in, though for his Lives Reprieve;
 Or wilder *Scythian*, but must soon conclude
 Himself less barbarous, than this place was rude;

And

And next, A furry Sn, the Floast call'd here,
 Drunk Cap't, to shew me he dares vouch his Beer,
 Worse far, than ever Joyful Barly named,
 As even our Island its vile taste defamed;
 My Course first Serv'd was Mutton, but so poor,
 That it might well have ban'd seven years before:
 Then next a Hen, with wonder I behold,
 Shrunk into Bones, and like the Hostess, old;
 What fancy could have fed, when every Sense
 Far'd worse than Pilgrim, sent on Penitence?
 These mis-Chiefs to Reprieve, to Bed call I,
 Hoping some Damosel with her by and by,
 Vvas yet Reserv'd, to sweeten my Course fare,
 And make my Bed more soft, while she lay there.
 But soon my hopes did wither, while appears
 A Thing for Age, might date *Chineses* years.
 Eve would have blush'd, t' have seen a Grandchild prove
 So Curs'd by Nature, and forlook by Love:
 Her Eyes seem'd beg'd of Death; her Nose, and Chin
 Kissed, and so clos'd her famish'd Lips between:
 I thought at first had been Death come to call,
 Me by this Herald, to my Funeral;
 Or borrowed Shape of Witch, that did appear,
 To vex sad Guests, by some Inchantments here.
 Then I dispatch'd to Bed, in hope Sleep might
 Reprieve the Ills seem'd threatned me this Night;
 But there scarce Luke-warm lay'd, but in a trice
 I felt worse Vermin than Curs'd *Egypt's* Lice;
 Fleas they call here; this vexful nimble brood
 That long had suck'd the painful Carriers blood,
 And now from this bold Custom, dare maintain
 No blood so generous, but their Lips may stain:
 Thus in a moment, did this active Crew
 Assault each Vein, and from each, loaded flew,

More swift than labouring Bees, as if that
 Had been all Honey, for this nimbly;
 Sometimes I fear'd they would have made their prey
 On Soul, and Body, by this subtle way;
 And as bold *Epichurus* once did call
 Atoms the VVorld's and Man's Original;
 So seem'd these Particles of Life to try
 To suck mine too, a like subsistency.
 In this Amaze, my Bed I soon forsake,
 And from my Thoughts, the swiftest Counsel takes,
 Which as I did, the Sun in pity shows
 Such chearful Beams, as from glad Morning-flowers
 I wish'd my Horse as swift as his, that I
 From Night's worst Mansions this vile Inn might fly;
 And that all Guests which next have Lodging here
 Might fewer Fleas there finde, and better Cheer.

Love's Sympathy.

FROM Love the Loadstone Sympathy do's feel,
 To which do's gently yield the hardn'd steel;
 The Marble do's its hidden flames lament,
 As on its smoothest Face Love's tears are spent.
 For Love, there's nothing that do's want a sense;
 What grows, or lives, partakes its Influence.
 Each metals pond'rous Soul it's like do's move,
 And what's not Gold, partakes the Gold of Love.
 The Diamond then more beaming Lustre wears;
 When her transparent Male his flame prepares.
 How Nature could thus Love and Life dispart,
 Is too transcendent for my Thought, or Verse.
 Enough, we know it is her kinder care
 That all subsistencies her Lovers are.

To every Sex she has a Sex assign'd,
 Not as Men are by Hymen's Laws confin'd:
 Nature do's not her limits so contract,
 Love claims from her a larger Scope to act.
 Man's Reason, though the highest Lord of Sense,
 Is forc'd to yield to its Omnipotence:
 And thus we see its powerful Charms compel,
 VVhen Mothers sometimes Love their Sons too well;
 And Daughters can with Fathers do the same,
 And so the Brother Courts the Sisters flame.
 VVhether *Venus* then do's blush, we cannot know,
 Though near ally'd; some tell her feat best do:
 Laws may severely call it Nature's Sin,
 Yet she has made for Love each Sex a Kin.

On a Ladies little Dog.

THe gentle favours I perceive
 You oft this little Creature give,
 With those Embraces, and those kisses
 So many Mortals make their wishes:
 My Muse is willing to record
 Since you are pleas'd to say the word.

2.

All that quaint *Martial's* Pen could raise
 To offer to smooth * *Iffa's* praise,
 Is short of this you stroke and Love:
 Yours though a Dog, was meant a Dove.
 Whil'st Nature pleas'd with her mistake,
 Thus shap'd it chiefly for your sake.

* *Catulla*
Publii, E-
 pig. 120.
 lib. 1.

3.

No Virgin in your Bed does lye,
 But there does keep it Company,

On whom perhaps 'twill fawn, or creep,
 But does your bosom chuse for sleep,
 Though *Cupid* envy there its rest,
 Who 'twixt your Breasts designs his Nest.

4.

Sometimes perhaps it farther gets,
 Under your Smock as well as Sheets,
 And so your Belly licks, and Thighs,
 I do not say what 'twixt them lyes:
 Though Tongues polluted oft have bin,
 This could not be a licking Sin.

5.

And as you thus Indulge its sleep,
 Or wou'd with yours its slumbers keep:
 This little Sentinel's awake
 T' defend the quiet which you take;
 The Mouse it frighteth to her hold,
 Lest her small noise be then too bold.

6.

No Joy or Sorrow is your own,
 But by this Creature too is known:
 So strangely taught by Nature's Book,
 That it discerns your thought, or look:
 A Tongue it wants not much to speak,
 Yet one does wish too for your sake.

Love Defined.

Love is a Dwarf in Gyants Cloath,
 Wearing the Robes which Lust bestows:
 Loaded with vice, yet nimblest so,
 And by its power can wonders do.

D

Moss

Most surely purchas'd though most dear,
 And yet more common far than rare,
 A Spiritual being in a Humane Soul,
 The Boy of Age, and Fool of Youth,
 Vertue its Lye, and Lust its Truth.
 This, the nice Widows early know,
 As they digest a Second Vow;
 Though it provoke their Childrens Tears,
 The Itch of Love takes up their cares,
 The Virgin at Fourteen can grieve
 So long her Maiden-head should live.
 Though hearts and looks, Love's Language tell,
 The pleasure is in Lust's small Cell,
 Where Womans Love with Mans does meet,
 And from their Tongues receive no cheat.
 For this each Sex their Courtships show,
 And all that Both the Thing may do.
 If dull Platonicks will rejoyce
 In calling Love their Vertues choice,
 Their dry desires, such need not blame
 That can enjoy the Liquid flame.
 Whoe're for Vertue Love would Paint,
 Mult partly make of Lust the Saint:
 The fair and Honest ask no more,
 Then what's illegal in a Whore,

The old One.

A Lady Old would needs a Loving go,
 Which from her long desire comply'd unto,
 Her fancy she found young, and bold, her Lust,
 Her outward form she next to Wit does trust.

Wants she found some in every place but one; of how
 Where Nature keeps desire when her fair's done;
 So when the Earth cannot its reeking show,
 It is refresh'd at least, where Soil men throw.
 The furrows in her Face, her Woman's Hand
 Neatly fill'd up, and seem'd to Countermand
 Nature's decays, with her false Red and White,
 Seeming by Day what she'd be thought at Night;
 Thus she adulterates her Teeth and Hairs,
 And in despite of Nature, young appears.
 A flatter'd Gallant feigns no fault to finde,
 For we'll suppose his ends oblig'd him kinde,
 Through Love's own Region he attempts his way,
 But finds he cannot Plough so deep in clay:
 Her stiffness his oppos'd, but vain would ply,
 Though that was clos'd so long did open lye.
 A Maiden-head he knew she could not have;
 Yet more then Virgin did his entrance crave:
 But such the Riddle is of Women old,
 Their Lust is warm when Nature is most cold.

The Witty.

WIt in a Woman I desire;
 With it she quickens best Love's fire;
 A Whetstone sharpens most the Tool,
 That something blunts when she's a Fool.
 Dull if she be, she'll not soon know
 The heights belong to what we do:
 And she that has in Love no trick
 Will hardly reach her Lover's nick.
 But give me still a handsom Face,
 Ple fancy Wit in t'other place:

So well to man that part does fit,
 She needs must feel she has there some wit.
 For Love what VVoman wants a Soul,
 Or can be call'd Dame-Nature's Fool.
 VVhere Beauty can't with VVit agree,
 Give me the first, it shall please me:
 Nay, so far she shall prove my Art
 As to like well with mine her part.

The Farewel.

Farewel my Muse, a Hundred times I've said,
 And she as willing seem'd to go,
 Yet to this time has with me stay'd
 In spite of all my reason too:
 Resolv'd that to me she would be
 An airy fondling of my thoughts and me.

2.

I urg'd severely what concern'd her more,
 Told her how rigid Criticks were,
 And how we had of VVits such store,
 No Poets e're did like beware:
 All which she slights, and bid me know
 VVit was to such a Farce, and would be so.

3.

She farther told how *Homer* was despis'd,
 And mock'd and envy'd in his time.
 Nor mighty *Maro* Deify'd,
 Till *Rome* had understood her crime:
 Then what is't if my Fate I blame,
 Since those great Poets live by future fame?

Next these she reckons our eternal *Ben*,
Beaumont and *Fletcher's* noble vein,
 Who liv'd in our yet Age of men,
 And did as much their faults complain :
 Happy she said in being gone,
 Whil'st now mean VVit's receiv'd above their own.

She stop'd, and thus to her I did address :
 Think not vain Mistress, but I see
 How meanly your charms Poets bless :
 Though unto many more than me
 You promis'd as fine things the while ,
 And bid'st 'um write, that thou and men might smile.

But lovely Guilt, since Wit thy Beauty is ,
 'Twere dull thy attractions to forsake :
 As Lovers pardon things amiss ,
 So Poets thy excuse should make :
 Though worst of Mistress in their Fate,
 Since of all others thou do'st longest cheat.

Then couden me a while, I'll give thee leave,
 My thoughts have yet some time to play,
 But take a care I don't deceive
 Thy Love with Love another way :
 A real Mistress may be mine,
 Whose Song shall better please my Ear than thine.

The Wish.

Not too much of the Court or City,
 Not too rank of my own Country,
 Not too long living in one place;
 The Countreys Spring, the Cities Winter.
 Some Mirth and Wine to give my Friends;
 More food then they and I can spend.
 Wit enough, yet no Play-wright,
 Or Farce-Transcriber out of French.
 No Bag to which small Poets bow,
 Or such fright Women with Lampoon.
 Not drink more Wine then fits my health,
 Or does a little raise my Wit.
 Not feel too many Darts of Love,
 And none from her already hit.
 No slave to Venus for Eface,
 Or Joyntur'd Widows barren place.
 Money enough to need no Friend,
 And to oblige a wanting one.
 Cloaths may shew me neat, not proud:
 Discourse my own, and not my Books.
 No Muse that's Lame with borrow'd Wings,
 Or Language stoln from Romance.
 Not to Love Rhime instead of sense,
 No more than Paint when on a Wench;
 Nor long with repartees to baste,
 Or draw Wits Cudgels when well cas'd.
 To all below my self to be
 Who don't presume above my place;
 To yield where I can overcome,

And spare Law-Suits where I have wrong:

If this be not enough to *with*,

Or that my Reader thinks of more:

Let him but send them to the Shop

That's right against the *Temple-Gate*,

And they shall find my thanks and me.

But lest I hold him now too long,

Or dull his Ear without some Song:

Like other Poets, I *think time*

To close this Copy in pure Rhime.

His Giving.

I Gave and gave, what cost me dear,

And thought I gave unto my Friends,

But found my Love was not their ends:

No more than Lust for Love does care.

Some I beheld prefer'd and great,

Nay, prouder than their business too;

As if their fortune's Pageant-show

Was o're my merit to keep state.

At this my cautious thoughts repin'd;

As from the Purse some VV it does rise,

Bidding me learn to be more wise

Then to expect the obliged kind.

What thus was urg'd, I partly grant:

So seldom knew I friendship made,

That did not of it self prove bad,

Or worst, when most confess'd a want.

Anill p roportion to man's fate ,
 Since none their friendships surely know
 But when proud Fortune casts them low,
 Or Ruine makes approve too late.

If this not bids me to beware ,
 So far at least I will refrain ,
 As not my Purse I'll henceforth pain
 To buy Ingratitude so-dear.

The Ingrateful.

DEvil of Man thou art, or worse thy Name,
 The blackest word pronounc'd by men or fame:
 An early Curse continuing still the same.

Evil's soft temptation no effect had seen,
 Had not man's Soul 'gainst Heaven ingratel been:
 Before allur'd t' enjoy Earth's thankless Queen.

So much below man's Vertue thou dost fall,
 That undistinguish'd Evil men thee call:
 Th' Ancients did thee right, who nam'd thee all.

Ill Natur'd men to Heaven and Earth do live
 Alike unthankful for what either give,
 VVhil'st Beasts their wretched sense both feel and grieve.

No less a private than a publick Sin,
 Th' occult Invention of a Snare or Gin.
 That falshood hides till Love it tempteth in.

Thus Leagues ingrateful States and Monarchs have,
To raise their Body-politicks more brave,
And by it represent the mightiest Knave.

A Dialogue betwixt Wit and Money.

Wit. CANst thou not yet adore me? I the pride
Of all that Mankinde ever said or did:
The general Heir of the illustrious Nine,
Whose fancies, from my stamp, are made their Coin.
I give to Wine its mirth, to Love renew
All those obtractions which smart Beauties shew:
Cupid from me inflame's his winged Dart,
And fixeth it above his Mothers Art.
Each thought of mine's a Gem beyond thy price,
Whil'st Fools gain thee as Fortune flings the Dice.
Princes and Senates my quick thoughts admire:
Thy gain advanceth most a mean desire.
Twas I embellish'd *Cicero's* Tongue and Pen,
And *Cesar's*, writ as great as he liv'd then.
I, hearts of men with my swift power controul:
The Star of Reason in a Humane Soul.
Poets implor'd me something more Divine,
And spiritual seats above, call'd *Jove's* and mine.
Thou with fuliginous vapors liv'st below,
Where neither Plants or Flowers their blessings show:
Or else by Seas produc'd, and spew'd on shoars,
No fish so ravenous that thy Spawn devours.
Heaven's most unkind to man where breeds thy race,
For thy sake *Affrick* has a blacker Face.

The

The *Indian* can't rejoyce, his looks and soil,
 Curs'd by the Sun to thy dark Mines and toil,
 Thy Coyn 'tis true, does Kings and Scepters show,
 Who set thy price ere thou hast worth to go;
 How much more rich is my Diviner sense
 Than all the Motto's put upon thy pence?
 Thou for Man's use a common drudge dost pass,
 And Man thy burthen feels when he's thy Als:
 The wife depress thy value, and mine raise,
 VVho (though not rich) am still above thy praise.
 Yet after all, dar'st thou presume to be
 Compar'd unto the matchless worth of me.

1.
Money. Any Phantastick Madam, you may be
 As jocund as you please with me
 : Thy Mocks what are they; but to many toys
 Fit for the Brash of Youth and Easy eyes
 That Judgment want, thy power will do no prize;
 : Thy Creature's seldom rich and wise
 : If at thy needy Tribe and babbling smile,
 No Money'd Als of mine,
 But has more VVie than thou claim'st thine:
 Thou call'st them such, who sell Estates the while.

2.
 I, by the young, the old, the rich ador'd,
 The Beggars curse yet most by them implor'd.
 I have no Tongue, no Pen, no Arms to fight,
 Yet these command too by my might,
 Compare, and thou't submit thy highest sense
 Unto my dumb Omnipotence.

3.
 Thou tell'st of thy great Nine, distressed thing,
 And of *Perhassus* Treasures where they sing,
 But sure they nothing there can Sow, or Reap,
 So poor they here their Poets keep:

Not all the fine things they can Write, or say,

Allures the Seller to receive less pay :
 VVhil' st Wit above all things I buy most cheap.

4.

I purchase Earth with all mankind can do ;

The graces from thee I remove :

They own thee Queen ; whil' st I am made their Love,

The wisest Pens do on my errands go ;

For me the Orators Charming Tongue best speaks,

My Bribe's the wary Judge in secret takes,

Man scarce a Conscience has that me forsakes.

5.

Dost not behold the Courtiers supple knee

Bow less unto the Throne than me ?

I am the Politicians God,

At thee perhaps he'll smile, or Gravely nod :

I am his endless and his serious sence ;

Unto Divines their Heavenly pence,

And few of them so *Orthodox* men know,

But to my Altars more than Heaven's will bow.

6.

Dully thou argu' st for thy self, to tell

That I in Earth's deep bosome dwell,

Since she her kindness does impart

To place me next her heart :

Form'd by her own internal flames,

VVhence *Phæbus* took his Golden beams :

My Kingdoms there employ my slaves,

My charms alike command both Fools and Knaves.

7.

'Tis I, continue Man's long-living name

And his Inheritance convey

Unto posterities ancient day.

VVith me the Daughter purchaseth the Heir,

Love's

Love's price is mine, though ne'r so dear :
 Nor Vertue holds out, where I War declare.
 Whil'ft in despite of all thy Creatures claim,
 Detraction lessens, or supplants their fame.

Wit. Accursed thing, 'tis time I make thee feel
 Some lashes from my Satyr's pointed steel,
 That on thy hardned Ribs such VVit may Coin,
 As makes more vile the Metal thou call'st thine :
 Were all thy Bowels Gold, thy Heart a Pearl,
 Thy Face a Diamond, and thy hair a Curl
 Of Silver Locks ; each Breast an Agat Ball
 Of richest value to receive their fall ;
 And had thy Limbs with every outward part
 A golden form, the Idol of thy heart ;
 What were all this ? but to be more contemn'd,
 If nothing to thy inward worth be deem'd.
 Heaven so rich *Midas* curs'd, which thou shouldst fear,
 Since for thy sake he wore the Asses Ear.
 Or else remember from great *Marcus*'s Lines
 How King *Evander*'s poverty out-shines
 All Money'd *Hero*'s thou could'st e're create,
 When for his more Imperial state,
 The *Trojan* Prince a Precept from him took,
 On thy mean Treasures with contempt to look ;
 And as a King, so like a God to be,
 In shewing chiefly he despised thee.
 Canst thou like this a Royal Theorem finde,
 Or an Exchequer worth so great a minde.
 Wit is a Gift can never be entail'd,
 Though of Illustrious Heirs has never fail'd :
 Thy strength can buy but what men vainly spend,
 The Riches of the VVise a Fool can end.

By Nature's Law, men have no need of thee, man but
 Who art the Miser's wealth and poverty.
 With thy dumb Sense thou dost man's reason blinde,
 And mak'st him rate thy value by his mind :
 Who has enough, thou giv'st not leave to spare,
 Whil'st I my Treasures spend, but no want fear.

The Reader will judge that Madam-Money was sufficiently provoked to make another Replication to the domineering Lady Wit; but my Muse, (by whom I am here to be govern'd) finding her Lines not able enough to decide the Controversie, has left it to the arbitrement of wiser Heads than her own, at least she does not conceive it necessary to furnish the world with more arguments on the part of Money, than it has already: At likewise she believes that she has done enough for the credit of her admir'd Madam Wit, in allowing her lines the last Bum-stroke, which she supposes Money is able enough to endure, without crying out for more Verse to revenge her quarrel.

Of one who would live by his Wits.

WHO thus advises with his Friend,
 His Money first well ne'er an end :
 What shall I do somewhere to live
 My Wit is left me still to thrive.
 Shall I unto the Court repair ?
 In hope my fate will better there.
 I have a Petition all in Verse,
 Which to the King I can Rehearse.
 Or shall I credit get in Town,
 To be a start-up Poet known ?

And

And next a New-Play-wright set forth,
 Since Rhiming now is so much worth.
 Or for a Farce, instead of Play,
 Apply my wit, that taking way.
 Wits I can drink withal, and VVhore ;
 Of some 'tis said they ask no more ;
 And yet have Poets dub'd most able ,
 No better had King *Arthur's* Table,
 When Lord, Knight, Squire, drank a Round,
 And VVine and VVit together sound.
 Or shall I turn a common snap ,
 And Wenches cheat, as well as Clap ?
 Or in the Law some knowledge have ?
 Some think it may compleat a Knave.
 Divinity I cannot teach ,
 Yet told I have sense enough to Preach :
 If not with Orthodoxal Wit,
 The *Presbyterians* I may fit,
 Of whom I have heard a many say
 They are inspir'd the Bag-pipe way :
 A blessing Heaven breaths on their Lungs
 Which through the Nose comes off their Tongues.
 Thus *Calamy* inspir'd did pass
 With *Cafe* and *Manton*, *Cromwell's* As ;
 Who first on knee did for him Bray
 The Protectorian powerful way :
 No As before the like had done
 But *Balaam's* , had a Holy Tongue.
 Then whether shall my Genius Chuse
 The Temp'ral or the Spiritual Muse ?
 When here my Friend a while had stop't,
 And from his thoughts the best had lop't,
 He thus reply'd : 'Tis hard to tell
 How wit un-money'd should do well.

That Comedy a many know
 Where wit to Money gives the blow ;
 Though I suppose what made the Jest ,
 The Poets Money then was least .
 The Brains excels may pain the Muses feet ,
 VVhen Poets cannot have the Gout from meat ;
 VVherefore I'de have thee to be able
 For Repartees at some good Table ,
 Or where a Madam does so quaintly treat ,
 That VVit and Love digest her meat :
 Let thy VVit think her thy best Muse ,
 Or be her Comedy to Chuse .
 No matter for the Stages clap ,
 Or for a Poets Feather-cap ,
 In which we see some Laureats pass ,
 And yet not all discern the As .
 If Taylors to one man go Three-times-three ,
 How many Botching Poets then may be
 Allow'd each Muse ? but Stitch 'um as they can ,
 There are far better wayes to make a man .
 VVit some does raise , but Fortune many more ;
 She has both VVit and folly in her power ,
 VVho nothing has , must Riches get by chance ,
 And Fortune so perhaps may thee advance :
 VVho's poor and good , let him this Motto give ,
 That he (above all) must have luck to live .

On one who had Good Meat, and less Wit

I Like thy VVine and Meat, would'st thou excuse
 My Entertainment with thy tedious Muse :
 I have had her Portage and her Fricacy,
 Her larded Chick and Fowl to welcome me.
 But dost thou think I can allow thy VVit
 As I do Dishes from thy Pot and Spit,
 VVhen after Din'd thou bring'st thy Rhimes in place
 As *Presbyterians* do their whining grace ?
 Or that thy Muse might Heaven be thanked say
 For tuning of her Verse so wrong a way.
 Of high *Pernassus* gifts, I'll hear thee speak,
 So it may not thy froward Muse awake,
 Lest she be peevish to recite a Play
 VVould last both Noons of Sixteen-hour'd day :
 Although my Body would be eas'd the while
 Both of thy Dinner, and thy Muses toile.
 Since then 'tis so, when next I take thy Dyet,
 I'll make thee promise me thy Muses quiet.

Wit and Beauty.

A Lady to whom late I prais'd her Face
 VVith all her Movements as attractive too,
 Beauty more than enough in every place,
 Thy Natures Master-piece in her did show :
 Her Language smart, yet pleasing as her Eye,
 So Wit and Love in her Conspir'd to vye.

If these thy Rivals and thy Graces are,
 What Blessings may some worthy Lover hope
 When thou shalt yield, and next thy aid prepare
 To give his longing wishes their full scope?
 Love without VVit may yield a dull consent;
 What's given, should seem his Theft and Ravishment.

She smiling, said, my fancy so should pass:
 Nay did advance it by expressing more:
 Woman she yields was but Love's pleasant ass,
 If joyn'd no quickness to her Rider's power:
 Beauty and VVit attractions can bestow,
 But more the hope what both at night can do.

A Blank for Rhime.

Rhime is *Pernassus* Ballad-curse:
 The Muses dream when Sense does wink.
 The Stages Dwarf in Gyant's clothes,
 Or Verse too weak to walk in Prose:
 Fit to strain Lungs, and make men hoarse,
 Or Cure, like something, a sore Throat.
 A Cittern that most Quills can touch,
 An ancient Chime in Monkish Verse:
Chancer's Grave-beard in it is seen,
 And *Gower* driv'ling his Prick-song.
 An old Plush Cloak the inside outward,
 Or high-crown'd Hat stuck with new Feathers;
 Fit for some Lawrel'd Gallants now,
 As well as Rhimers heretofore.

On a certain Rhimer.

THy Verses *Lacker* is thy Rhime,
And so thy Lines may last a time;
But lest their dye should prove the worst,
Expunge what thou hast written first.

Being in the Countrey.

ADvance my Muse, and teach my thoughts to look
From thy *Pernassus* on great Nature's Book;
See how she hither does Invite thy Song
From Courts and Cities busie toyls and throng:
VWhere thou with peril small applause could'st get,
At least more safe wil't be in thy retreat:
Or if thou can'st in thy retirement show,
Thou Rose and Lillies planteth yet may grow:
Moisten thy Verse in thy Castalion stream,
Casting some drops on Envy's barren flame.
Thy Critick Nature, will more wisely be,
And shew thee her admir'd simplicity:
Bring thee from Stars unto her humble height,
No act of hers for wonder is too light.
VWhisper from whence that Dame call'd Nature came,
Since from her Issue she conceals her name:
How men that Title to her greatness give,
Yet know not by what order she does live.
Acquainted be with Tillage, Beasts, and trees,
And keep some Honey of thy VVit for Bees.

Search out great *Maro* in th' *Elizian* field,
 And see what wonders there his *Georgicks* yield :
 His Verse such mighty things on Earth did show,
 'Twill teach thee there what Heaven is doing too.
 Then *Horace* in his *Sabine* fields find there,
 And with his *Lyricks* next amaze thy Ear.
 Next take a turn with our great *Comly's* Muse,
 And hear what Songs of Plants and Herbs she'l chuse :
 Mark how the *Lyrick's* wonder at his layes,
 As lofty *Pindar* Crowns his head with Bayes :
 See him in *Maro's* stately Buskin go,
 VVhil't *David's* Harp his measures soundeth too.
 Or if thou can'st not so instruct thy thought,
 Think that Immortal here their Pens have taught :
 Discern how much their Vertues do Invite
 Home-bred contentments wisely to delight,
 And how they growing Fields and Gardens dress;
 Heaven with the Muses did conspire to bless.
 Observe how Nature does with fruitful chance
 Scatter her good, and here and there advance
 Tall Trees and Plants without man's art or toil,
 Yet does submit them to his use and spoil :
 Though furrows in her Face the Plough does tear,
 She feels no blemish, or Black-patch does wear.
 She Disciplines the Ploughman's roughest pain,
 And like vast Legions stands her closer grain.
 In each small home she Crowns her Queen and King,
 That undisturb'd with cares may sleep and Sing :
 Content speaks most her Gayetie and Feast ;
 A little feeds the Bird that singeth best.
 The Dove does flye from Courts and Cities air,
 Neer Fields and Rivers with her Mate to pair :
 The Mean-man's House their amorous billings show,
 Their dearest young his wholesome food made too.

The Herds will chuse to fatten near his home,
 To whose Retir'ment they in winter come.
 The Plough his healthful knowledge does delight,
 Nor is he ignorant of the Hare's swift flight,
 Or of the Chase the nimble Dear does take
 When griev'd his fatning pasture to forsake.
 His Nets delicious Birds can gently seize,
 And knows such baits the foodful fishes please:
 His limbs their swiftest fins can overtake,
 And under water swimming Chafes make:
 He true refreshment finds in coolest streams,
 No after-Ague fear'd, or Feavers flames:
 Nor less his wonder Scurvey's loathsome pains,
 Or what's man's sinful ease the Gout obtains.
 Unto excess his health does ne're commit;
 His food and labour his sound temper fit.
 No Homicide has Nature by his will,
 Whil'st Luxury by Art does others kill.
 Long life is less his wish than his command,
 Which others piece up with the Doctors hand.
 In Woods he Sorrel for his Sauce does finde,
 And Betony, the bodies health and minde.
 His Garden (though not great) affords him Sage,
 With Parsley, Savory, Time; adds time to age:
 These easie blessings his small borders show,
 Which, (though at Nature's cost) man's pride terms low.
 Nor wants he Arbors planted by his care,
 That for his shade the flowry Woodbine bear:
 Or Nature's larger bounty to admire,
 Takes cool Enjoyments where vast Trees aspire:
 So *Virgil's* Muse did Rural *Tityrus* finde,
 And made her Song unto his Pipe so kinde:
 With him she *Amarillis* Love could play,
 Joyning li'es pleasures to his humble lay.

Thus man did first his Life and Love begin
 More wise, than to enjoy Luxurious sin,
 Or puffed up with Ambition to be great,
 His quiet and his safety most does cheat:
 But humble pleasures with contentment joyn'd,
 And thus the world unto himself confin'd:
 His Feast was then of Herbs and fruits from trees,
 His Sweet-meat Honey from the cells of Bees.
 The Flocks his early Murders did not show,
 Sheep, Goats and Cows were milk'd, and long liv'd so.
 No mournful Voyces for their tender breed,
 Or Gods ador'd did cruel victims need.
 Man of his Crimes had made himself afraid,
 When first to Heaven the Lamb and Kid were paid:
 His board the Altar was where these were due,
 Whil'st, but himself, no Household-God he knew.
 Lust has no bounds, nor avarice limit knows,
 Taught still to want, as they too much propose:
 Excess the Darling is of frail mankind,
 Though but the painted Peacock of the minde.
 Give me content, my reason calls me rich,
 Whil'st passion to no purpose feeds an Itch.
 Men for their thoughts may large Commissions chuse,
 But still their *quantum* is, how much they use:
 Enough, deserves the name of Nature's Feast,
 To which the wise invites himself her Guest.
 What's humbly good, let me think highly great;
 Who Lives suffic'd, enjoys a large estate.
 Let Fortune and her Squint-ey'd merit pass
 Without a grudge when she exalts an As:
 Or that his Pomp, the world strikes blinde with praise,
 To cheat the eyes that can such Idols raise.
 In Woods and Fields my Muse can bid me dream,
 And whisper verse where glides the Silver stream:

I'll call it Noblest Idleness to be
 Busied with Nature's state express'd by thee ;
 Her Courts are ever open unto all,
 And of her States-men none lament their fall.
 Her Science best Ambition does Invite ;
 Shewing us steps that lead unto her height.
 O Contemplation so Divinely great
 As are the acts of Nature's high estate !
 Whose Courts the Countreys solitude can raise
 Above what Parasites to Thrones can praise :
 Men best retir'd, her good with theirs may see,
 The world's not understood felicity :
 Who Rural blessings wisely make their own,
 Live so, at least will pawn no Land in Town.

The World.

I Write not now for Bayes, nor would I bring
 These Verse like drones to buzze without a sting :
 A Satyr's Lawrel must have Pricks, and Briars ,
 Some to scratch Gowns, some Robes, or Silken tires.
 The world's Broad-back, although it do not ply ,
 May feel some briny stripes in Verse do lye.
 Satyrs are by *Pernassus* roughly taught
 To speak their useful Truths with plainest thought.
 From Woods and Mountains they convey their Song
 Unto mens soft abodes, and Cities throng.
 A bold and piercing Eye on what's amiss ,
 And most does frown where Luxury does kiss ;
 Which vice can most be tax'd in this our time,
 When every one is heightn'd by its crime.
 A Civil War, Plague, Fire, have had their course,
 Yet none of these abate our Vices force.

Can men no surfeit take in being bad,
 But must in War and Peace be equal mad?
 Is't not enough to think on Forty one,
 And all those miseries were then begun?
 Or what preceded that Leap-year of grace
 Which sanctified the *Scotch-man's* Oat-meal face?
 How sacred was the Northern Bag-pipe then,
 Resembl'd in our snoothing Pulpit-men:
 Till Independants wore the longest Sword,
 And in their Cassock'd-buff did Preach the Word.
 'Twere Sin almost to mention what they did;
 Would it might in *Anathema's* be hid:
 If same no further curse that Zeal and Pride
 By which our best of Kings and Martyrs dy'd,
 His Subjects ruine he could have forgiven,
 Had their revenge not gone with his to Heaven.
 Could Regicides at *Tyburn* not relent,
 And can we hope their living Sects repent?
 What but such Canting Zeal could e're devise
 To make its Impudence a Sacrifice?
Cromwell may smile to meet such Imps in hell,
 Did suit his mischiefs, and his death excell.
 Or did they hope succeeding times might be
 Pos'd to define bold guilt from Piety?
 Already, which is which but few discern,
 And teach posterity new Creeds to learn.
 So roundly yet the *Presbyterians* pray,
 As if they'd once more Cov'nant the *Scotch* way.
 In past time, Prick-ear'd-*Presbyters* did show
 Quaint *Owen* would not so at *Oxford* go:
 Thus Priests of *Priapus* did Court the fair,
 When more than Cod-picce long they wore their hair.
 Most Sects have pay'd enough, their Zeal and Lust,
 Whil'st Piety's reward was Heaven to trust.

Might but our manners, (if not zeal) yet mend,
 And not like that from worse to worse extend.
 The Moral light of reason such put out,
 Whom first Phanatick Meteors led about :
 A giddy Luxury will have its grace,
 As well as that which keeps a stately pace.
 Thus Conventiclers by Intrigue can pray,
 Whil'st others raise amours another way.
 All will have modes that best themselves besit;
 Vice were too dully form'd, that us'd no wit :
 Some must keep state, whil'st others solely trot
 With a Link-Boy, or Page, to hide their plot.
 A thousand wayes to false embrace men go ;
 As many arts for theirs can Women shew,
 When brisk to exercise that vicious feat,
 Which with stoln pleasure Lust does best repeat.
 Such men, whose manners, most refuse to trust,
 To Luxury and Vice continue just.
 What mighty shame is't to him more does prize
 His vain delights, than to be good, or wise?
 I envy none their kiss, or soft embrace,
 Or wench that useth varnish to her face;
 No more than such whose greasie mode's to eat
 A Larded dish, instead of well-fed meat :
 Or that a gilding she keeps up her price
 With Whoring fops, as Gamessters live by Dice.
 Others there are (some tell) of Wit refin'd,
 Will Court a Girl ingeniously assign'd :
 No loathing do such assignations make,
 Which by a pleasing raillery they partake.
 How airy notion'd may we judge all those,
 When such Mercurial leavings tume their Nose?
 Or is it but the quaintness of our age,
 To raise thence wit for our declining stage?

Where unwash'd Bawdry with applause may pass,
 Like Actresses in her Poets Looking-glasses.
 Nor can the witless Writer want a Muse,
 Whil'st most of either Sex their turns will chuse.
 But what is it to me who have best writ,
 Or *Tom Thumb's* stile, or *Jack Straw's* pass for Wit?
 A Satyr's business is not to explore
 What Wit men have, or how much they want more:
 Its reprehensions best on manners light,
 Lines must be Whips, if bad men they affright.
 For outward parts and Wit a many go,
 VVhil'st few good deeds or worth of theirs men know.
 Vertue with Pageant-shows is darkn'd most,
 Though for its sake Vice sometimes is at cost.
 To praise good men, the bad will soon comply
 And with smooth fronts thus give themselves the lye.
 VVho has a friend, go ask him that does know,
 Of whether Apes and Monkeys have none too.
 The world's too airy now for solid trust;
 Friendship must have its slips, as well as Lust.
 Fancy *Astrea* come from Heaven again,
 Or new *Srar* seen without a Tail or Main:
 Some such kinde cause may well precede the year
 VVhen men may safely trust, and drink small bear.
 Our times God-wot are so transformed now,
 That Flints and Pebbles must for Diamonds go.
 Be sure take care how deep you view the heart,
 Lest you a Monster finde will make you start.
 Study the Moral wise *Ulysses* taught,
 You'l prove the Centaure in man's Breast he sought.
 Half way a man in Vertue would excel;
 Now most all over beast are known too well.
 Long has been Vertue starving with her praise,
 Few Body-politicks her *Etbicks* raise.

The good have ever kept the longest Lent,
 Or mock'd, if they bid Luxury repent.
 To Preach down sin, is more a use, or Trade :
 Too oft with Pulpits Vice has Traffick made.
 O, that we could not say our Paths to Heaven
 Were by our Sacred guides trod more uneven !
 Or that it was not made a pious Curse,
 To yield such superstition to the Purse.
 But men are men, and ever will be so,
 Both Coats and Cassocks can one inside show :
 In spite of forms, man by himself is lin'd,
 And in all Churches have their motly kind.
 If Spiritual goodness somewhat over-weigh
 Our Temp'ral Crimes, who need for more to pray ?
 Much of strict honesty were tax on Heaven ;
Rome seem'd content two *Cato's* her were given.
 Others (her Members) like the worlds prov'd just
 Unto their Int'rest, if not to their trust.
 Why should we then complain that many now
 Byass themselves unto the publick so ?
 Patriots enough are to be cheaply bought ;
 Or blush not if they ask before they are sought.
 Men must do something to be more of note,
 Crimes are oft paid when Honesty's forgot,
 All ages can't alike themselves refine ;
 Some most for Vertue, some for Riches shine.
 What's ours, I'll not assert, that were to bid
 My Muse in such coarse Lines as these be chid ;
 'Tis rude in Satyrs, if to Courts they stray,
 With such soft leisure they must fear to play :
 Men of their Brain more wise effects may show,
 Than to send Censure where they ought to bow.
 Shall I believe that giddily men feel
 Their weights, told so by Tongues mistake, or reel ?

Who seeks a place, or who for trust is fit,
 Is too much the Impertinence of Wit :
 Or whether craft, or merit makes some great,
 Suits not our search, if an Intrigue of State.
 To be well govern'd, or to think we are so,
 Does best become us and our Prayers too.
 In Subjects wise and modest sense is shown,
 When they submit their cares unto the Throne :
 For their sakes Princes are with Rule oppress'd ;
 T' Obey's the easiest part, if not the best :
 Which thought well ponder'd, admiration brings,
 That the World has not Crowns to spare for Kings.
 May we believe all those who boldly tell
 They would amend what others do not well ?
 Or is't because their Vertue is in pain,
 Untill well humour'd, or employ'd with gain ?
 Such Mountebanks enough Receipts proclaim ;
 And most men halt because they'd have them lame ?
 But O, the busie Politicks of these dayes !
 State-Counsel's no less censur'd than our Plays :
 Whence is't such modern Prudence does arise ?
 Can Antichristian-Coffee make more wise
 Than their Fore-fathers ; soberly could think
 On States or *Turkish* Kings without their drink ?
 Good Beer and Beef with them could well agree ,
 Or for Twelve pence had better Sack than we.
 Judicious men ought for such times to pray,
 No less than Poets, who have least to pay.

Of Change and Death.

THis Theam, without my Muse, my thoughts can reach,
 My Soul and Nature do enough me teach
 To know my end ; 'tis but Death's certain night
 To which Life's Taper must resign its light.
 Man's breadth and height his Bodies shade can show ;
 Death's Metaphor attends on all we do :
 Our rest, and sleep, nay Love's espous'd charms,
 Yield to the pale embrace of his cold arms.
 His Sickle of the young a Harvest makes,
 Or old, before their strength Life's ague shakes.
 'Tis Nature's kindness , if our wrinkl'd brow
 Shews first the furrows of Death's secret Plough.
 Teaching our Souls and Bodies to prepare
 For other being when disjoyned here :
 VVhere, man's long Love of Luxury and ease
 Has Nature's cure, as 'tis her worst Disease.
 How ready men Supinely bad will hope
 (Though undeserv'd of Heaven) Life's longest scope :
 As if that Death, so busie is withall
 Would Vice forget, or still reprieve its fall.
 The greatest Monarchs spreading thoughts and might,
 Pursu'd by Death and Time, confess their flight.
 Could now great *Julius* his past Conquests see,
 And no place his to seat his Majesty ;
 Or *Rome's Augustus* to the world appear ,
 And walk a stately Lord of nothing here :
 How would they mourn their Empires early fall,
 Rais'd to aspire till Nature's Funeral.

How must their greatness blush, were to them read
 Their highest thoughts and deeds, their Empire dead.
 The *Macedon* with *Cesar* now might weep,
 Not for more worlds, but this no power can keep ;
 Their meanest Slave as well himself might bring
 To *Rome*, or *Babylon*, and be their King.
 Man's glories here are like a Stages Scene,
 Beheld, but till the next does Intervene.
 If such great acts of men their periods have ,
 How soon for others does fame finde a grave ?
 So much the Articles against men here ,
 They ought not long to hope her future care.
 Man covets future fame himself to cheat ,
 Death kills to him what merit Life can get.
 Man's end has most compliance from his will,
 VVhen Conscience keeps no black Records of ill :
 'Tis not the dark (like Children) that men fear,
 But lest their Impious deeds pursue them there.
 This certain honour does by Death accrew,
 If when it comes 'tis bravely welcom'd too.
 Death's must is only man's fit time to end ;
 'Tis vain to wish it when it can't attend.
 Not our desire or fear should it procure ;
 VVho is on purpose Sick, deserves no Cure.
 Heaven grant my end may so my soul comply,
 That least it fear it self when I must dye.

I could not forbear to annex unto this Contemplation
 the soft and Pathetick Verse of *Ovid*, which since rela-
 ting to Age that walks almost hand in hand with
 Death, I finde no less proper for my self, than
 others, who have any long acquaintance with Life.

Jam

*Jam mihi deterior canis aspergitur ætas
 Jamque meos vultus ruga senilis arat :
 Jam vigor, & quassæ languent in corpore vires
 Nec Juvenci lusus que placuere Juvant.
 Nec me si subito videas cognoscere posses
 Ætatis facta est tanta ruina meæ,
 Confiteor, facere hoc annos, &c.*

I think I could add another complaint of his Age, which could not but more tenderly concern the Soul of so excellent a Poet.

*Impetus ille sacer, qui vaturn peçora nutrit ;
 Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

In Spheram Archimedes : Translated out of Claudian.

When *Jove* this Chrystal Sphear did first behold ;
 He smil'd, and to *Olympus* Court thus told :
 Can Mortal powers arrive unto this height ,
 That we should take in Humane art Delight ?
 The Sacred mov'ment which our Heaven does show,
 This *Syracusan* wonder tells below :
 Each various order of our Starry Sphear,
 His shining Globe Epitomizeth there.
 The Sun's bright eye there sees his dayes and years ,
 And what a various brow his *Phebe* wears.

How

How was this Artift pleas'd this Globe to make,
 Spangl'd with Stars like ours, their Progress take.
Salmones may his feigned Thunder boast,
Archimedes Skill Heaven's power resembleth most.

Of Time : A Pindaricque Ode.

First great of Nature thou must surely be,
 Yet never from her Womb did'st spring;
 Thou wert full grown soon as the world, and she
 Waiting to spread thy Immaterial wing,
 And side by side with her to move,
 Before she would her self improve.
 Of thee, she Mathematick Counsel took,
 E're she set forward to pursue
 The mighty measures in her Book,
 Or did one act of wonder do:
 Nor had men known without thy night and day,
 Whether Nature did for ever work or play.

2.

To all things else she Life and Bodies gave,
 But thou her Incorporeal Childe
 Mytteriously must neither have,
 Whil'st Death, her every individual's Grave,
 Of nothing but thy self's beguil'd,
 That with her thou might'st live to see
 Thy life continue her Eternity.

3.

Through all Horizons of the Universe,
 Thou dost at once thy wondrous self disperse,
 Each Star his Circle by thy Rule does guide.
 Nay, who can chuse but think,
 Should'st thou stand still, or step aside,

But

But that the Sun would leave his Zodiack too ;
 And bid his bounteous Eye for sorrow wink,
 If for the worlds sake he no more might know,
 The blessing of his Dayes and Hours, (flowers ?
 And see his Heaven on Earth, in Spring and Summer-

4.

So far above our Reasons search thou art,
 That all the *Idea* of thy self men frame,
 Does like some mighty nothing seem :
 Thou motion guid'st, and yet no motion art ;
 Thy being, yet, thou never did'st impart
 So much as in aspiring Poets dream.
 Their busie Pencils can't thy figure take.
 Thou steal'st away, both as we sleep and wake ;
 Yet thy flight never was too swift, or slow,
 In Heaven, or Earth, one Minute's space ;
 Thy unerring Dyals under ground can go ;
 Thy silent feet 'twixt Life and Death still trace ;
 Keeping account how both Live and Decease ;
 Which contraries so far agree,
 That Life and Death alike conversions be
 Of thine and Nature's living equally.

5.

VVhen learned Antiquaries search thy Rolls,
 They Ages finde, but can't thy Age compute ;
 From thy *Epocha* early thou set'st out,
 E're man could read his being in thy Scrolls :
 VVhil'st he laments thy too profound neglect,
 Since he might have from thee more surely known
 VVhat did thy being and his own effect ;
 VVhether God's *fiat* man produc'd of clay,
 Or that he started out of Earth some unknown way,
 VVhich Nature by design, or chance does own.

From what stupendious center first was took
 The point from whence began thy mighty round?
 No Line or Character, in Nature's Book,
 Does shew us where thy self is found:
 No more than how this world, alas,
 To our sense first produced was;
 Or whence light did proceed to be
 Guided by the Sun and thee,
 When thy Clocks told the world 'twas day,
 Before he durst the morning wake,
 Or wisely could direct his way:
 Who, then of men, his height did take,
 Or saw his steeds their flaming steps first make?

We use thee most of things, yet know thee not;
 Thou seem'st to us, to have thy self forgot;
 Yet best of faculties in the Worlds great Soul;
 Whose Memory does far surmount
 All, but thine own Account;
 The sum of that vast Circles square,
 Which cannot be computed here,
 Unless our measures scale that endless Rule
 That's more eternal than the world is old,
 To most Prophetick Reason never yet was told.

On former Poets.

THough Death's pale Scepter men obey,
 Their written Wit does last decay:
 Surviving that resistless fate
 Does Soul and Body separate;

And of all mortal acts we see,
 Comes nearest Immortality.
 Thus *Johnson's* Wit we still admire,
 With *Beaumont*, *Fletcher's* lasting fire:
 And mighty *Shakespear's* nimble vein,
 Whose haste we only now complain.
 His Muse first post was fain to go,
 That first from him we Plays might know.
 Though in each Muse of theirs we finde
 VVhat's now above all humane kinde:
 Our greatest Wit is to allow
 We cannot write as they could do;
 Which time succeeding proves so good,
 That 'tis not yet well understood:
 As if it were our fate to be
 In Wits perpetual Infancy.
 Strong plots like theirs we can't digest,
 But like to Children think that best
 Which trifles with our appetite,
 And judge as ill as now we write.
 Though long our Story boasts great Kings,
 Not every Raign good Poet sings:
 Nature is pleas'd not to permit
 A propagation of their Wit,
 Confessing, that her mighty store
 Is not so rich as 'twas before.
 Poets are Prodigies of men,
 And such she gives but now and then.
 To Gyant-Wit 'tis only given
 T'aspire unto the Muses Heaven:
 If so inspir'd had been the bold,
 We read *Olympus* storm'd of old,
Jove would have lay'd his Thunder by,
 And welcom'd their Society.

To his Muse.

ENough my Muse thou hast play'd, 'tis time to rest;
 Now I grow old, thou art past, or at thy best:
 Thy Wit (like Beauty) most should Youth inspire;
 With me thou may'st take cold by thy own fire.
 Too much thy Gamesome thoughts I have obey'd,
 Too tart for some thy Salt my Verse has made.
 What Beauty will be Charm'd with what I say,
 Or write of Love, if it's no Part I play?
Naso's soft Arts his fair *Corinna* knew,
 And what he Sung, 'tis thought did practise too.
Thalia blusheth most in woods to sing,
 When Poets from her Verse receive no spring.
Terficore Heroickly does hate
 The loftiest Muse that Love Invites too late.
 Here pausing, thus to me my Muse begun,
 Would'st thou be peevish with my cheerful Song,
 On which the youthful will bestow a smile,
 And to this froward Age commend thy toyle,
 Thy Salt may please th' Ingenious Criticks taste,
 And sleight th' unseason'd jeers which others waste.
 Is't not enough I do rejoyce thy Song,
 And call thy Love and Verse for ever young?
 My Bays to future time appear most green,
 When nought of Poets but their Souls are seen:
 My pleasing charms the serious entertain,
 And in the Aged youthful Wit maintain.
 From my Records men best their manners read
 The Comick good which now the Stage does need.
 Waste not thy self, or make more tedious Night
 With high and labour'd Songs; I can delight

The smooth-writ Elegy, or short way,
 The witty *Martial* with the world did play :
 Rome's Empire's greatness, and its crimes are known
 From that full sense, his nimble Line's have shown.
 The Muses value all proportions fit,
 And what's call'd little, may have much of VVit:
 She ended thus, and next presents my Pen,
 VWhich if I finde inspir'd, I'll write agen.





Miscellanies, or Essays.



Thank Heaven that I have taken so far leave of my Muse, as to come from Verse to Prose, which I take to be somewhat a better way of Writing plain *English*; though I find I can cramp Words as well as another, or leave a Line with a foot or two of sense more than it needs; and besides that, I have as many *to's* and *do's*, *prove's* and *love's*, with such other necessary Implements, as the best Toner of them all. There's nothing that I find our Language so plentifully affords, or that falls on my pate with so little invocation of my sense, as Rhime does; I find it fattens the most thin and barren parts of *Pernassus*, as much in fashion with some Wits, as a larded Chick or Partridge. In my younger time I have been delighted with a Ballad for its sake; and 'twas ten to one but my Muse and I had so set up first:

A

day,

nay, I had almost thought, that Queen *Dido*
 Sung that way, was some ornament to the Pen of
Virgil. I was then a trifler with the Lute and
 Fiddle, and perhaps being Musical, might have
 been willing that words should have their Tones,
 Unisons, Concords, and Diapasons, in order to
 a Poetical *Gamuth*. I can tell you, it was
 some years before I could well distinguish sound
 and sense, by turning of a Rhiming word in a
 Verse, into as good or a better in Prose. I thought
 it too Sacred to come to that touch: I dare now
 try it by my sense, and not scan it altogether by
 my Ear and Fingers, if I am not overmuch
 charm'd with such Musick made by others. I do
 not therefore exempt my Treble or Base, or
 any Muse that dares walk in Bells instead of
 Buskins: or when I would be merry, must I
 receive a Sock that's smooth'd with Grease, in-
 stead of Oyl, and so liquor my cheeks with a
 smile accordingly? I cannot so far submit to the
 common places of Wit now in fashion: but let it
 go, I have enough to answer for what concerns
 me; on which account, if any scold at my Muse,
 let her wrangle again as well as she can, so I do
 not assist her quarrel. I am now going into
 Prose, to which it seem'd reasonable, not to
 commit my sense without some Apology.

Estimation.

IT should be the propriety of Vertue; but I do not find that this Logick sits generally the School of the world; in stead of *Soli & semper*, it is seldom to be found in its true place and predicament. There is nothing that has such an Excentrique to men, or runs so byassed, as their esteem: He that makes not the world his Friend, (or Bawd) will have little Trade for his merit; and that is the reason that some set up for themselves so plausibly. One would wonder how they came, where we find them; had not Fame an Art to go forward with men, though she place her Trumpet the wrong way: there is wind enough in the world to serve her turn, and she employes it accordingly. How many have I known that have gain'd repute of Wit, Judgement, good Nature, Honesty, (marry; and carry it too with a face accordingly) when the contrary of these has been their true Character? They can walk with Vertue as our Antipodes do with us; yet seem to behold Heaven the same way. Others there are that care not how meanly they arrive to estimation, so they have it: they can Court this man to call them witty, another to call them honest; they will submit to cringe,

and sneak for it, take it for Alms, or any way ; so they have their bauble of applause, they are satisfied. Though the world be liquorish enough to swallow mistakes and follies, as being to vulgar apprehensions welcome Novelties, It is no small grievance to the ingenious and candid, that know how to fit their tastes better ; their disadvantage only is, that the undeserving will still have most followers, whilst the wiser and honestest must be contented to bring up a thin rear of merit, as well as they can : However they have this to comfort them, that if they wait long behind, their esteem will be more elevated whensoever it takes place. I confess, Honour, Riches, Fortune will operate ; but we know what heads it makes giddy ; gild it how we can, there is no Paganism so barbarous to reason, as the Idol of a Fool.

Trust.

I May call it a Jewel, which the Soul of one man deposits in anothers ; and it should be prefer'd with as high a care : whatever its value be, not only the betraying what concerns our repute, or estate is a breach ; but even the least word or thought is a violation and injury, if charged

charged on our confidence. How contrary is the worlds course! Men hardly converse without well warding of their words, as if it were necessary their thoughts should pass from one another in Armour: no caution is sufficient to prevent mistakes, cavils, mis-reports: our Friends, Visitants, Servants must be suspected, and all little enough too. There is nothing more unworthy of the Soul of man, than that men live so unhappy, as to be diffident of one another; a blemish to man's being, that will hardly admit a Cure. We need not trust all, and we must trust some, and be in their power to deceive us too. If there were no Devil, a false man does pretty well supply his Office, he does all in this world he can wish, but damning of us: or may be resembled to the Plague, against which the best preservation is, to be as far off on't, as one can. If he be cunning, he does it more impiously, though perhaps more covertly: And yet I have known some that have been made up of a small stock of impudence, or what signifies little more than meer deceit and lying, have made notwithstanding a pretty good shuffle in the world, even with such as might well understand them, but will suffer themselves to be misled. He that sees such a man in a Noose, of which he is able to forewarn himself, does less deserve pity. I would be as far from admitting a trea-

cherous man to my conversation, as to my friendship; in the best sense, it were to have too great a familiarity with the worst, and meanest of Vices. I can trust my Dog, or Horse, because they have neither thought or speech to my prejudice; and what a shame is it to humanity, to have more mischief both in their Souls and Tongues?

Preferment.

THe advancement of the Wise and Vertuous, is the happiness and glory of a people; it is diffusive with Governments, and spreads their greatness. Men must be under Power, and Laws, and can reasonably ask no more, than to be honourably governed. But do Princes and States what they can, it will not always be so: let them shuffle the Cards as well as they may, Fortune will turn up sometimes her own Trumps; which makes some men not more a wonder to the world than themselves, in their felicity of aspiring. It was a very remarkable passage in a Minister of *Lewis* the Eleventh of *France*, who finding himself beyond his expectation great, said, that he would give for an Emblem of his Elevation, his Figure standing
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on Fortunes Wheel. The King understanding his conceit (and whether displeased with the Vanity, or resolv'd to remove him) reply'd, that he had best fasten the wheel he talk'd on with a strong pegg, lest it kept turning; which he soon proved by his ensuing fall. There is a circling downward, though most unexpected, by those that would only consider themselves in the Meridian of their greatness, forgetting that a descent may be as near their height, as their first rising was to their Zenith. A Semicircle on the Globe does sufficiently resemble it, though half a dayes journey of the Sun. *Cicero* relates of *Marias the Roman*, that he was one of the most fortunate of men whilst great, and in adversity no less to be admired; upon which occasion he adds a little after this excellent precept, *Nemo non potest beatissimum esse, qui est totus aptus ex sese, quique in se uno sua ponit omnia*; but he that depends upon the will of man, or Fortune, must expect, or at least should be content with their varieties: A thought that is too great a stranger to the ambitious. The Psalmist says, *That man being in honour, has no understanding*, (I suppose meant of its vain inducement that renders him forgetful of what he was, by what he is) a carriage so frequent with the world, as if men had resolved on a secret Act of Oblivion relating to their own exaltations, and

neglect of their Friends. How scornfully can they behold their past Obligers! as if they must needs act the Ape, which skipping from bough to bough, turns his tail towards you, when at the top: Or that men were to take notice they were grown now too big for their merit, they may ask and be denyed too; it being seldome observed, that such as can forget to do handsomly of themselves, will do any thing worthy when they come to be remembred; the Office or Preferment does so far alter the ingenuity and worth of their persons: but how scurvily will such behold themselves in the opinion of men? If they slip from their height, or would be beholding to others, (not seldom the fate of such Ascenders) let greatness be as well bred as it can be, we may observe the Evil manners of Ingratitude too often accompany its aspiring; it is a Weed that grows too commonly with the prosperity and flowers of a Court, or State, and so diffusive unto meaner conditions of life. *Rome* had it bitterly enough, both the time of her State, and Monarchy, as may be seen by many examples: And I judge, that in order to publique affairs, (if at all) it is most allowable, because it sometimes ceases, or prevents the ambition of a well-deserving merit, where if it cannot be safely rewarded, there may be security in laying it aside. How odious must this

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vice be as to every private man, when nothing can palliate it in a Prince, or State, but common preservation? The Subordinates of power, are very often so unnecessarily infected with this vice, that when they are got high enough, for the most part they remove the steps and instruments of their preferment to some disgrace if possible; as if there could no fair quarter be kept with any, on principles of greatness. But let them keep their Stations as well as they can, I am like to continue in mine, I hope with better satisfaction, than to depend on any improvement of my condition by their favours. He that ascends a Hill by a path of Ice, is in some danger of a precipitate sliding backwards, and the most perillous when nearest the top: and such are not seldom the lubricities and ruine of greatness. It is well hinted by *Seneca* the Tragedian, in this expression, *Quam fragili loco starent superbi!* and in another place he calls it, *Aulæ culmine lubrico*, which is somewhat more particular. The world is full of quarrelling at preferment, by reason more desire it, than deserve it: And as merit is still the glory of a few, so it is generally plac'd in such, who are best content with a neglect of their deservings; men not alwayes to be found in the concourse and Road of Courts, and consequently more readily pass'd over, or left to a solitary injoyment of their worth;

worth. Though Princes are in reason the best observers of men, (as experiencing the abilities of many by their several Employments) yet would they take care to finde out apt and worthy capacities, as well as limit their Observations to such only within their eye and business, their affairs might perhaps be no less acceptably discharged: but this were to make the world too happy, and Monarchs more curious in the choice of their instruments, than they judge they have occasion to be. On the other side, there are men that at first will seem to act nothing but what shall deserve the favour of a popular breath; they will not by any means allow themselves to do well, without that kind of ostentation and glory; their merit must be set to shew, if not to Sale: to be good unseen, is not enough: or rather than fail, they will thrust themselves on the world and business; they will Intrigue, Cabal, create their Partisans and Factions, until taken off and sweetned by some convenient advancement. Of these there are many remarkable, (and I suppose none of our best Patriots) but the mischief is, that when they have their ends, they very often render themselves worse a contrary way: though when the Vizard is taken off, it is some wonder if they be not asham'd of their own faces. Doubtless the most commendable ambition is, to refuse Ambition; but this

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is such a Phœnix of worth; as is seldome observeable in Mankind. If I were asked whether the Publick does at any time wisely; in turning the Byass that guides the Actions of such, to its more regular employing their abilities, I conceive it may be answered affirmatively; not only as it is more gracious and easie to win men by the obligation of favours, but that by this means the strength of faction is weakned with more facility, and its Abettors rendred more disabled, if not despicable in the sense of their busie admirers, than by any severity can be made use of; the last adding the reputation of sufferance, whereas the first produces a certain neglect, if not their contempt on all sides. But these are Politicks above the ordinary drift of an Essay, and so we'll leave them. There is a pretty kind of humour observeable in many, which is, to be sure to dislike or decline their precedent good opinion they had of any, in case the publick thinks fit to prefer them to management of things; they must then be no longer good Common-wealths men, but are immediately cryed down as men lost, or profitably with-drawn from all publick good whatsoever. This humour I conceive is more to be observed in the *English*, than in most Nations; as if it were necessary to be peevish at the Actions of their Prince, or that such he thinks fit to employ; could not be good
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in his opinion, and theirs together. But let these know, that the scattering of such conceptions, can have only growth from the Seminaries of Faction; and ought so to be esteemed, if not otherwise punished. Particular men have little more to do with Governments and their Ministers, than to be rul'd by them; at least it is their duty to dispense with their failings. To hear a man, whose greatest knowledge lyes in the business of a Fair or Market, undertake to judge capriciously of affairs of State; can there be any thing more ridiculous? and yet there is nothing more commonly discussed, even by the meanest apprehensions. If men were as strictly inquisitive of the management of their private concerns, they would less partially blame any miscarriages of the Publick, since most want due care and conduct in things of particular and small importance. In sum, what a wise man cannot commend in such as are lawfully set over him, he will finde his discretion and modesty enough obliged to grant them his pardon.

Mathematicks.

DEmonstrative Science is the glory of Man's Soul, because it, of all other, gives reason
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the highest perfection : and doubtless men are most Superlatively obliged to Mathematical Arts for so elevated and refined an understanding ; it brings us to the greatest certainty we can arrive to, both of Sublunary and Celestial beings and operations : it has so much to do with Heaven, that if any knowledge was most immediately given to man from God, it was most probably this : It does immaterially, as I may say, express and abstract its operations from things, and yet delivers them no less fully to our conceptions ; which must be granted a kinde of Supernatural manner of thought, in no small measure applicable to the Divine and Spiritual being of God. Who can but admire that a Point, a Line, a Superficies, should so exactly terminate all commensurable magnitudes ; and yet all these but meer *Idea's* or Notions of measure ; for if they were quantitative, they would be part of what they measure, which were very erroneous to admit. *Euclide* asks no more, than a reasonable condescension to the afore-mentioned *Postulata's*, to raise the admired Structure of his Fifteen Books. I wish that all supernatural and infallible pretences had as much demonstration, or impos'd no more on the concessions of reason. Besides, there is in no small measure a prescience in Mathematical operations : let a man but consider the exact, and wonderful certainty
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in the works of Arithmetick; the Rules of False Position; the Solutions and Equations of Algebra; which, (from as it were a Supernatural manner of working,) findes without error the truth required: And he will soon grant this Science to be more perfect and sublime, than all other humane knowledge. And I doubt not but it was for this reason, that *Plato* was induc'd to believe, that the Harmony and order of the Universe, consisted chiefly in a Divine disposition of number and motion. I could never believe but there was more true sense in *Euclide's Quod erat demonstrandum*, than is to be found in all the Terms, Propositions, and Syllogisms that stuff up the reason of the Schools; because they are subject to the fallacy of a Pedant, to whom the other in three words gives Law. As Arithmetick has many Excellencies, so Geometry has somewhat more: wherefore I cannot but commend *Pythagoras* for his making so famous an oblation to Heaven, for being so divinely inspired, as to finde out the unexpressible power of Lines; in a Rectangle Triangle mentioned in the Forty seventh Proposition of the first Book of *Euclide*; and perhaps there is not any thing more admirable and useful in any Mathematical demonstration. If this Science does elevate mans knowledge; it does no less advance his Wit, in making above all other the
fancy

fancy Solid and Large. *Virgil* well perceived this, who, more than all Poets was Mathematical Learn'd, as may be seen in many parts of him, but most especially in his inimitable *Georgicks*: which is enough to shew what Ornaments this Science gives to the highest productions of Wit. Some things are handled in this Science with such a labour'd and needless curiosity, that if done what is required, it signifies not much to the practice and advance of this most excellent knowledge. Hither might be referred some true and impertinent operations in Algebra. As on the other side, that high and noble endeavour of squaring the Circle, is very commendable, because were the Demonstration agreed on, it would furnish us with means to ascertain the proportion betwixt a straight and a circular Line, which were exceeding useful. And here I cannot but commend the worthy endeavours of *Mr. Hobbes*, who, say what his Detractors please, has come nearer it by a Geometrical way, or *per loca plana*, as Mathematicians speak, than any that have yet attempted it. Besides the many uses and perfections appropriate to Mathematical Arts, there is not any study that has added like this, so lasting an Honour, even to the greatest Kings and Emperors: how famous does *Ptolomy* continue with time, for his elaborate and extraordinary depth in this kinde of Learning!

Learning ! In like manner *Alphonso* King of *Castile* had not liv'd at this day so memorable, were it not for his Astronomical works : not to reckon the many Ancient Philosophers, with other of late and excellent repute, such as *Copernicus*, *Regiomontanus*, *Kepler*, *Tycho*, who added no small perfection to this excellent Science. I dare affirm, that amongst the great Acts of *Julius Caesar*, there is nothing can balance the ever-remaining glory of his rectifying the annual account; insomuch that the world at this day is beholding to his care for a more true Computation of time, than was known before : and I conceive that the late *Gregorian* account, is not to be preferred before it, notwithstanding some undertake to assert the contrary. But I need not farther instance the Encomiums of Mathematical knowledge, since this Science cannot want praise, that is of such extraordinary abilities to prove its worth.

Praise.

THere are far more that seek for praise, than really deserve it : the most irregular sort of men, would have in their kinde an Applause,

as well as the truly meriting esteem; Fame being a Mistress that has a rabble of followers, and she debauches them accordingly: she is served by so many opposite Complexions, that her lists are endless: there are few men so reserved or serious, that will not shew their Gallantries to this Mistress; or any so inconsiderate, or stupid, but will get as near as they may, the Van of praise; If they cannot own the Honour of merit, they will (rather than be left out) be as eminent as they can for their vice or follies: Thus *Claudius Caesar*, though a very Beetle-brow'd Emperor, could stand upon the honour of a contemptible Triumph; another must needs play the Fool, so far as to Counterfeit Thunder, that he might be admired as a God on earth. It is well for the vain-glory of such Princes, that they can command and oblige Flatterers, though it be pernicious to their vices, that few dare laugh them out of countenance. What a Fool does, is no wonder, because his actions are the effects of folly: But how idely such as would be thought the Grandees of the world in all capacities, for the most part, do carry themselves in order to their esteem, deserves more admiration and pity: Consider them on the plausible account of Wit or Honour, and it is easie to observe, how fantastically they itch after commendation, or invite it to them. I have known

not a few that would be content to blaze their wit and atchievements, with so confident a vanity, either as related by themselves or others, that it has put a modest stander by to a blush for their sakes : Nay, this is not enough neither ; they must have their Partisans, their Factions, their Defenders, that will undertake to argue all others out of countenance that smile at their follies : and indeed ingenuity, and honour (to the shame of this Age) does not seldom descend so low, as to seem beholding in great part to others, for its repute, as if the worth of either was too much doubted to depend on merit alone. We have scarce a Poet that dares venture a Play, but he first bespeaks his Cabal, though there be nothing that makes his Wit more ridiculous : nor a man of Honour that can safely undertake a Service for his King and Countrey, if not beforehand with detraction. I need not mention how much the emulation and prejudices of this kind have, and may redound to our publick detriment. I read of few ancient Worthies that ever made such provision for their praise, at least, were somewhat farther off from giving it themselves. I only finde *Annibal* once so extravagant, and that rather provoked by the discourse and interrogation of *Scipio*, at that so famous interview mentioned by Historians, who asking him whom he thought the greatest Cap-
tain,

tain, he answered, *Alexander*; and who next? says *Scipio*; he replied *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*; being further demanded whom he thought the third best, the *Carthaginian* named himself: to which the Noble and Magnanimous *Scipio* added, And what wouldst thou have thought *Annibal*, hadst thou overcome me? Why then, says the other, I would have judged my self the best. An example very remarkable, since *Annibal* got so little by praising himself, that he was forced to bestow on his modest Enemy the most Superiour commendation, both in respect of himself, and those famous Captains he had so honourably mentioned. It has been well enough observ'd, that few men ever got by speaking of themselves in any kind; if to discommendation, a man in that case testifies against himself; if to praise, he sets himself farther backward in the opinion of the modest and discreet: wherefore of all things men should least have to do with their Encomiums, but leave them to the good opinion of the world. A Collateral praise does very often advance esteem; and the more, when it seems least particular; wherefore I cannot but admire the pertinent and sublime Panegyrick that *Juvenal* bestows on the Virtues of the two *Cato's* in these few words, *Tertius è cælo decedit Cato*. He names neither of them, yet does more than advance the esteem of both,

by supposing that to equal their Excellencies by a third *Cato*, must be the immediate act of Heaven. But as we have few *Cato*'s in these dayes, so I believe the most of our Fame-mongers are not so internally partial to their deserts, as to expect like praises, if we had Poets no less able to give it them than *Juvenal*. Above all, I am most astonished at such, that for the most execrable wickednesses would aspire to be registred by Fame. We may remember that *Scot* was bold enough to pretend as highly, even for the horrid Murder of the late King; and I judge the like of *Oliver*'s Trayterous Usurpation : But how such men should hope to be of propitious repute with posterity, when beheld so sowrely by their Ancestors, may be enrolled amongst the Vanities and Impieties of the wicked : Or perhaps it is the policy of such (who having no better way to credit their Villanies) will give them a kind of confident glory, or unrelentancy of their fact, as was observed in most of those that suffered for the late King's death. Assuredly there is nothing more ridiculous, than for ill men to expect future renown: a present hand of power may somewhat curb the freedom of Tongues; but in after-time, they will requite their Memories by exclaiming loud enough. He must be very impudent that would not blush, if now charged for giving a Panegyrick to *Oliver* in his
 Throne

Throne of Tyranny. So soon fade the false esteem, and aspiring Bayes of the Impious. Men may endeavour to shrow'd or conceal their evil manners, and wickedness; but Vice has too broad a face to be masked by their Artifice: there are and will be alwayes men honest, and dis-interested, that will discover it. To conclude, as the good have onely a propriety to fame, so first and last it will divulge and establish their esteem and praise.

Criticism and Censure.

THe most Magisterial Criticks have not as yet agreed on a certain definition of Wit, and I believe never will; they are content to take it where they finde it, and so may any man that looks less big on sense than they do: he can give himself satisfaction, though perhaps with less curiosity than the others that take upon them the repute of being Critical. But there are few men that will ask their leave to like their own compositions, or what is ingenious in other men; the sincerity of such, being for the most part doubted, that appear rigid or bitter toward the performances of others. *Julius Scaliger*, a severe and learned Critick, as may be

seen by his Censure of Poets, requires these particulars to compleat a stile of wit ; that it be, *Tersus, mollis, & rotundus* ; as on the other side, *durus, humilis, & laxus*, must not have his pardon : and perhaps he is just enough there. He allows *Virgil's Works* only all possible perfection, and calls him no less than the God of Poets. *Homer*, though his Predecessor, and admired by many, he charges with many boyish and trifling passages, insomuch that he blames severely his Characters wit and conduct. In one place he mentions him with this neglect, *Nolo in presentia cum Homeri puerilibus ineptis ineptire.* *Horace*, notwithstanding in many things he highly esteems him, in other he reprehendeth him to purpose, shewing his faults by his repetitions and excursions from one thing to another ; nay, he assures us, that in his *De arte Poetica*, he has such failings, as he would correct and amend in other Poets : take his own expression to this purpose, of *Horace* in general, *Neque in Satyris, neque in Epistolis, at ne in Poetica quidem, in qua hoc ipsum precipit, observavit.* He had been as tart with *Ovid*, (who was too much a Gentleman-like Poet not to have faults) against whose Writings, I suppose he could have brought in somewhat a larger list of exceptions, yet he spares him somewhat more honourably, thus---
Hoc tamen vetat pudor animos nobiliores, qui
non

non insectando, sed admirando antiquitatem ineunt gratiam à posteritate. 'Tis true, that Ovid had ask'd his Reader pardon before, by acknowledging that he let some things pass that stayed no longer with him than *primos habere sonos*; and I suppose he had the more easily Scaliger's to boot.

It were too tedious to recount the sharp reflections he has on most of all the ^{19th} Ancient Poets: one above all I cannot but mention, and that is of *Persius*, whom he calls a morose, obscure, and unintelligible Writer (which I will not deny) nay, such a one as understood as little what he writ himself, as any man else: yet *Scaliger* must needs be so super-critically knowing beyond all others, that he says, all those obscure things of *Persius* are thoroughly apprehended by him: *Quaquam nunc à nobis omnia intelliguntur.* But whether *Scaliger* does not himself deserve a lash from the Criticks for this supercilious mistake of his, I leave them to judge. In the mean time it sufficiently appears, that so great a Master of Learning and Wit might discover his own failings, as well as other mens; which may instruct the censorious, though of excellent abilities, to have as much regard to their own sense, as what they conceive deserves a discommendation from their Pens. But how much more should our small siz'd Wits and Cri-

ticks take care of their presumptuous Descants and carplings at mens performauces, when they are scarcely well vers'd in the common places of Grammer and Sense? nay, when there is nothing more to be abominated by the judicious, than what they call wit, and would so father on the world? The Press as well as the Stage has enough of their endeavours and applauses; the latter of which is transformed by these new Wits and their Poets into the most hideous license of Scurrility, Bawdery, and Prophaneness as can be imaginable, and no less an offence to discreet and modest observers. Yet with this stuff, they are ready to vye with all former commendable Writers: *Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher* and *Johnson*, must be nothing with them, though such majestick strength of Wit and Judgement is due to their Dramatique Pieces. Of *Johnson*, I dare affirm that he is yet unparallel'd by the world, and may be some succeeding Ages: He gave our *English* Tongue firmness, greatness, enlarged and improved it, without patching of *French* words to our speech, according to some of our modern Pens: inasmuch that I question whether any of the Wit of the Latine Poets be more Terse and Eloquent in their Tongue, than this great and Learned Poet appears in ours. *Virgil*, who most undoubtedly was as well accomplished to value

Wit,

Wit, as any of his Poetical contemporaries or predecessors; how candid and handsomely does he occasionally take notice of most of all the Greek Poets? he did not grutch to say, *Museum ante omnes*; nay, to the honour of the Muses, he figures their Divine being in the *Elizium* or other world, as may be seen in his Sixth Book of *Aeneids*; and I suppose, that most of our present Writers will grant, that he, who so far exceeded all Wit that was extant in his time, or that since has succeeded, could not but in a high measure understand the value of his own: nor do I finde throughout his Works more than this one line of a Censorious or Satyrical reflexion against any of his contemporary Poets: and that very gentle and sparingly, *Qui baviun non odit, amat tua Carmina mavi*. And I believe, there was never any so neat and modest Satyr, that has such a Compendious, and yet full extent on inconsiderable Poets, as this one Verse of his; which shews that he understood too well his worth, to endeavour its exaltation by the undervaluing or depressing the fame of others: on the other side observe with what humility he speaks of himself comparatively with other Writers that deserved his esteem, as in his *Eclog*. *Meris, Nam neque adhuc varo videor, nec dicere cinna digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores*. I have been (I confess) a little too pedantique in filling
this

this Essay with so many quotations : but conceiving it of good use to many of our Wits and Poets that so inconsiderately applaud themselves, and censure others ; I thought fit to bestow it here : and indeed there is no better means of reforming defects in men , than when it is pressed by the authority of best Examples. A modest and judicious Critick is an Honour to the Chair of Wit, and he alone is fit to claim it ; his sense is able to make more perfect the Ingenuity of Writers. *Ovid* has two Verses which tell us how much he esteemed such a man ; which I will therefore add, though I have confess'd my self too busie with such kinde of Presidents already : *Corrigere ast tanto res est magis ardua, quanto major Aristarcho magnus Homerus erat.* Here *Ovid* means well, in bestowing this Panegyrick on a Judgment able to correct ; but I could have wished he had named *Homer* for the Composer, and *Aristarchus* for the Judge, since the first was certainly a better Poet than Critick. I finde it observed of our late worthy Writer Mr. *Cowly*, that whensoever his Judgment was desired, he was more forward to commend what was well, than to reprove things amiss ; by which means he gave not only Writers encouragement, but incited as much their desire to amend what he conceived faulty : An example worthy of imitation in such as take upon them to judge of Wit ;

Wit ; in which case, there is not seldom more to be prais'd, than to be rejected. But we have many of our contemporaries that will make it their malice or mirth to do otherwise ; nay, will not be contented to dislike, but they must nauseously Character mens persons on the Stage, scatter or otherwise publish their scurrilous reproaches : insomuch that I have known some (and of no ordinary quality) that have more gloryed in a pitiful Lampoon, or Libel, than if they had been able to compose a good Poem. But how much more despicable do they render their parts by such a mean discovery of themselves, than any mans Wit they can pretend to quarrel with, would deserve a serious inspection of their thoughts. They would then soon perceive how they ought to be valued by the times they live in, and how they can convey nothing so permanent to the future, as their own contemptible Monuments. Censure is such an Itch, that not only green and giddy heads, but men of firm comprehensions may find some employment for their Abilities to allay it ; there being nothing more generally acceptable to humane Nature, than to be busie and prying into such defects as might well spare them the trouble of a concernment. To conclude, he that is wise and moderate, will finde he has so much to do to correct himself (let it be in Wit or Manners)

Manners) that he will have little encouragement to exercise his Criticisms and Censure on others.

Mediocrity.

IT has been alwayes esteemed best capacitated to receive the simplicity of Vertue, which seldom has an agreeable entertainment in any extreams of mans condition or life : Wherefore out of my respects to this great Mistress, I would choose it in general and particular concerns : to be neither so mean as to produce contempt, or so highly elevated, that if I fall, I must of necessity break the neck of my happiness in this world, is all I wish for : I rather choose to fall from my own height on the ground, than from *Grantham-Steeple*. If others are ambitious to be placed like Weather-cocks on such sublimities, I can stand contentedly below, and observe how the wind fits by them: Or like this of *Horace*,

*Auream quisque mediocritatem diligit,
Tutus caret obsoleti sordibus tecti, caret
Invidenda sobrius aula.*

I am content with a reasonable estate for my substance, wishing that I could improve my manners

manners to a suitable Mediocrity of good : I would not wish to go much farther ; but I finde that I am able to spend more pounds , than willing to be at the charge of a few good deeds. I am free to charge my self home enough, though I experience as much the parsimony of vertue in other men : But , be it with them and me as it may be, I will say this for my Theam , that I would choose it in all things appertaining to me; I may take leave , I hope , to commend what I cannot improve or practice, as well as other of my Theoretical friends : To touch a ground of vertue, is almost the talent of every Pen ; but when we come to compose handsomly all her parts, the harmony is not much to be admired. I was telling my Reader of some satisfactions as to a Medium in my condition of life , and now I will tell him in what other particulars I esteem it best. In the first place, I like it in years ; that is to say, neither too young , or too old : if Women cannot approve my choice (for reasons they are best able to dispute) I would not go so far forward with my time, but in complaisance to them , I would set theirs as much backward ; my reason is this : youth (I conceive) has so many rambles, and is so unsteady for thought , that a man lives a fool to himself ; or perhaps comes to an estate at One and twenty, that were fitter for him at forty ; but my argument is yet
more

more mannerly, by understanding what is requisite to a particular accomplishment. I mean that also of due respect to others, which is indeed the greatest; he that looks for either of these from youth, may as well expect that a Horse may go away with him in a smooth Amble as soon as back't. 'Tis well, if we have not as much occasion to learn at Forty as at Fifteen; I suppose many finde it no contradiction: it is a task vain enough to tutor man too early; he will ill Husband his Ethicks in spite of fate, till time make him more tractable. The best that can be said for youth is, that it may sometimes yield and ply to amendment, where age will not, by reason of long continuance and habit. And so much for the young. As for Age, I finde I have as little reason to hope much good from it, as to trust youth. If Vice be strong in the bud or growth, it is odds but it will be more rugged and tough when old; as we see in Trees, though they be shivered and wind-shaken by time, they will have the more firmness and knots. 'Tis true, Age does decay mans strength, but not alwayes his appetite: He that has been liquorish young, 'tis odds but he'll like the same sauce when he is old: the fancy will have its luxury and youth when the ability is least. There are some Vices that are not so familiar with youth, and will fix with Age; it is apt to be Morose, and encrease ill

ill nature abundantly: observe it but in covetousness, and you'll finde none so retentive as the old, though they are just taking leave of the world. A prudent man may well fear his living over-long, not only as it enfeebles our bodies, and renders them less useful to our Selves, our Countrey, and Friends; but as it weakens the faculties of his Soul, and may render him perverse and froward: we may call Nature too indulgent, when she permits us to live a Child's life twice: He that out-lives himself, does as much shame the kindness of Providence for giving his life so long a thread. Age having such a tincture of the River *Lethe*, that it does manifest an oblivion of our selves, in our most especial concernments. I have known some that have not onely forgot acquired knowledge and letters, but even the common things of conversation and manners. At this day, I know an ancient man, a near Neighbour of mine, that ask'd about last *Michaelmas* whether we should have no *May* that year; he had liv'd to forget the revolution of time, though so long his acquaintance. I wonder that among the Heroick Acts of the *Romans*, they encouraged no Suicides in Age, since they could do it upon accounts of friendship, of disgrace on loss of a Battel, contempt of their Enemy, and the like; when perhaps there is no greater affront to the honour of life

life in many kindes, than the folly and imperfection of Age. Had this been allowable with them, we had perhaps heard of more of their *Heroins* than *Hero's*. The apprehension of the ruine and neglect of past beauty, had doubtless done much with such objects; and I am glad for their sakes there was never no such usage. I cannot but chide with Nature, when I behold a handsome Lady declining or superannuated: I could fervently make it my desire that the lusters of that Sex might still continue; and I judge all men obliged to do the same, by reason they chiefly would continue such attractions for mans sake. If this wish be to little purpose, I hope they will allow it obliging; and I am over and above paid for the thought. To return to my own Sex, I have commended a mediocrity in years; and I have reason, since I have prov'd it best as to my abilities and inclinations. I thank Heaven I am now somewhat past it, and yet I finde the strength of my Wit and Judgment as firm as ever, which gives me as much incouragement to hope as well of my Age, as most can of theirs. Some defect I finde in my Memory and Hearing, the first of which was never good young, and therefore I am not to hope its amendment: wherefore I would be understood onely to reflect on the failings and imbecilities of youth and Age: There is great honour allowable to both, when

when aptly capacitated for the improvement of life, he that is young may have a commendable growth toward goodness; and he that is old and knowing, is more able to direct and practice it. They are both excellent in their kindes; though a middle state of years does more surely temper judgment, and therefore more suitable to a wise man's wish; might he alwayes continue so, or not be longer a slave to life, than he can comfort his years with right understanding. And here I cannot but mention, that if a *Medium* of man's being be approveable as to estate and years, and other requisites of private life; I hold it no less commendable as to the publick or body-politick of man at large, take it in the two Essentials of a people, Peace and War: a Moderation in either of these cannot but be the best temperament of power. To be over-long in peace, does very often enervate a People, or is apt to produce such restiffness, through the Luxury of Ease, Pride, and Riches, that it precipitates them into many pernicious extravagancies, such as were the horrible effects of the long peace preceding our late Civil War. As on the other side, to be over-harress'd with Arms, or poverty (a most infallible consequence of the Calamities of War) does both create and strengthen discontents and faction; whereas if used as moderately exercising the strength and vertue.

of a people, it redounds not seldom to their advantage and glory: but such a temper of State is more happily imagin'd, than easily found; it being very hard for a Government exactly to qualifie or proportion to both these the humour of a people; besides which, there are not a few external respects of Neighbours and Confederate Nations that must go into the ballance. However, my Argument must be granted in both cases this advantage, that what comes nearest a *Medium*, must be allowed the best. There is another Mediocrity (which I cannot but commend) and I assure you of the highest concernment; that is to say, in Religion: I confess I am afraid of having my brain too much fum'd with Zeal, lest it grow giddy, turbulent, rash, and by such mistakes wicked; (as was the case of our late Reformers) or so unnecessarily hot, that I must needs engage in Polemick Fisticuffs with Divines in the Schools, or course the follies or indifferences of Opinions, till they turn head against my Reason; or invite it to wrangle about such things they cannot teach me, or I them: I am rather content to be so far out of the noise of the pit, as I would not willingly hear such Cocks crow, much less combat their Arguments. On the other side, I would not be so blockish in my Devotion, that it should need boxing from a Pulpit, or not be able to employ

my contemplation of Heaven, without my Ear
 be so boisterously taught it. I would have my
 Religion at least as well-manner'd as my con-
 verse; that is to say, civil, and discreet. I thank
 God, I have seen a Surplice wore in *England* and
France, and thought it superstition in neither.
 I can profit from one in a Coat and Breeches, as
 well as in a Callock: I am apt enough to allow
 men sacred, so they do not oblige me to receive
 Oracles from them. I know how to commend
 my Shoemaker, though I do not altogether tye
 my shooe his way. And as I approve a mode-
 ration in this Supream concern, so I would make
 it my choice in the vertues and moralities of life:
 For example, in Love and Friendship, I cannot
 but believe that an extream in either, does ren-
 der men more uneasy and unuseful to one ano-
 ther, than a moderate, and consequently a
 more agreeable relation would produce; there
 being no capacity of vertue more apt to impair,
 than what comes nearest an extreamity; every
 little misunderstanding does make it too nice or
 piquant to continue its fervour long, as is ob-
 vious enough in such cases of affection; wherefore
 I will have sufficient content, if I am but mode-
 rately assured of either. I finde that ease and
 plainness are very grateful to my disposition in
 all kinds; to which, as I would proportion my
 manners, so I would do no less for my Food,

Cloaths, and Converse. I would not be troubled with too much wit, or want what is enough to embellish behaviour. A complemental or finical man should no more be of my society, than a Puppet that moves, makes legs and faces upon a wyer : I have enough of such *Punchinello's*, and it may be they of me : if they afford me quietly my choice, 'tis all I look for ; if not, I must tell them that I care as little for the modish allowance of their wit, as they can for the freedom of mine. I use no Salt purposely to gall their Throats. If my Genius has spared enough to season these Papers fit for my Readers pallat---- let him taste for me ; however, I will not be afraid to tell the world what I think best: If I have stirred up any Spiritual or Temporal Zeal to oppose me, I know no better way than to refer them to this Essay ; where I hope I may be found so far in the right, as to occasion a moderate approbation or pardon.

The Dubitant.

I Count it no disrepute to our Religion, that it is doubted by some, as well as believed by many, since I have not read of any perswasion but had as many opposers as Defenders. I finde

it the same under the Law, as under the Gospel; and yet the Gentiles and Ethnicks that would have argued down these, had as much to do in their disputes with one another. Doubt ever had, and ever will have some fellowship with Believers, or will be a near Neighbour to them; and men must be content with its company, whether they will or no. There is nothing that can be asserted to come so immediately from Heaven, as no mixtures of men shall accompany it: such as have authority must be the deliverers, or imposers of it. God has taken more care of the essence of our belief, than of the manner and circumstances; such he has thought fit to leave to the prudence of our Governours and Teachers; who, as they do not finde it requisite to impose over-much on the wise, on the other side will alwayes finde enough to entertain, or amaze the weak and ignorant: and it does become their wisdoms so to do, since all Worshipps are no less composed of the knowing, the impertinent, and foolish, than Body-politicks are: wherefore some sweetning is allowable alwayes according to mens severall capacities, somewhat like that of Poetry in *Hudibras*, one thing for rhyme, another for sense. I know a man that taking occasion to admire Prophecies, and of all Books of the Prophets, the Psalms of *David* as they are Sung in *English*, cited this passage, *From Turk*

and Pope, Good Lord deliver us; without which he acknowledged that he had never been so fully confirmed how great a Prophet *David* was: the man meant well, and as little thought that *Hopkins* had sung this inspiration instead of *David*; and yet I undertake not absolutely to blame the addition; it was perhaps thought necessary at that time to make the Pope and Turk equally terrible, by the authority of a Prophet. Vulgar apprehensions will be apt to receive impossibilities or contradictions; as the glittering of Copper-lace can set forth a Stage well enough to them: If a Gold or Silver Sute enter now and then between the Acts, they do not much more admire it. The brain of man must be pleased with inequalities: as the weak are generally the most easie, and consequently the firmest believers; so the strong in conception will for the most part be as diffident. Wit will be ever inquisitive; and as it is a gift of Heaven, so it does require as high convictions, or it has a Pike against its will.

And yet I never knew, and I believe there was never any man that was purposely a doubter: they that know most, would be glad of all others to be as thoroughly satisfied of what they are to receive. It were very severe to conster such Atheistical for endeavouring to inform themselves, and consequently would believe if they

they could. Ask a vulgar apprehension, and he shall tell you he believes all he was Christen'd to believe; but if you ask him why, he will as soon be put to a Nonplus, and tacitely conclude himself an Atheist: for it is no reason or commendation of faith, to say I believe this or that, because I do or will believe it. The Scripture sayes, *The Fool hath said in his heart there is no God*, or as emphatically in such a weak confession of his belief: I am sure there was never any understanding man within this predicament of folly, since he must needs be better able to inform himself, than to believe nothing. God is too plainly manifested to such a capacity; he may doubt of his way to Heaven, but he can never controvert his being religious or good: though a judicious person may find as much impulsion from his reason in some respects to be a dubitant, as a Fool is unable rationally to believe. Let Zealots then define which of these complexions does conduce most to Atheism: or to deliver mine, I am confident that the unmannerly and irregular carriage of Sectaries does occasion a greater scandal and doubt in this age of belief, than any sort of men whatsoever; because whatsoever is so extravagantly practised, must in the end produce contempt and disbelief. I neither believe all, nor doubt all; what I finde my reason cannot swallow, I cannot

perfectly digest; if I put spurs to it, and I finde it will not go forward, I am forced to stand still in spite of my teeth : However, I can dispense with what I cannot believe, and that as becomes a Christian, that is to say, modestly and peaceably. If I observe any that can swallow BURS as easily as Pills of Butter, I allow their practice ; nay, I commend it, and am sorry I cannot do as much for my belief as they do : Above all things, I am careful not to offend or trouble the repose of other mens Consciences ; I can keep my perswasions to my self, and I am as willing they should not be molested in theirs.

There is no question but very many things are to be credited upon the authority of Parents, of Tutors, of Magistrates, in order to the better mannagement and improving of civil society; and it is as undeniable, that many things are worthy of reception, that neither the proposer can prove or demonstrate to the receiver, by reason that there is too long a train of things to arrive in all points fully to their original verity : wherefore I may doubt, yet not positively deny, what neither I, nor any other man that believes them, can assuredly evidence. How any one individual thing was first produced, I have no certainty ; yet I am assured it was by Creation, or a work as miraculous to humane conception : The main question is, what

is within the power of a deliverer, which I conceive too nice a thought to be discussed here. To be plain, I would have as little Sceptical in the practice of Religion as possible. He that keeps his thought without contesting, hinders no body; to which purpose, I would be very glad that some power amongst us were esteem'd very neer, or equal to infallibility: I finde its conveniency amongst the *Romanists*, and commend it, though I could wish their Consciences were a little more subject to a divine jurisdiction here: I think it somewhat too much to have any part of my Conscience at the Devotion of a Forraign interest, because it must needs clash with our Laws, and impede something of the esteem that we ought to have to the established capacities of the civil Magistrate: If he undertakes to be my Judge, I may tacitely choose whether I'll believe him or no; but I have at least an unmannerly Religion, if I will needs openly and avowedly go further. I assure my Reader, that I should be loath to embrace a better than theirs on such terms, and should think I had a good Conscience on my side to confirm me: Nor can I judge him wise, that will scrupulously or over-curiously go far to Market, when he may be supplied as conveniently at home. What our Ancestors did formerly, is not the Question; the Laws did not prohibit them, which

which forbid us now. I cannot square my belief in some things, though Divines on all sides should undertake to perswade me; I have too prevalent an apprehension of their being swayed with interest and Hierarchy, to trust them absolutely when either is in Question: I acknowledge a sacred esteem to be their due, because there ought to be no less allow'd to Divine Teachers. I am so far from repining at their Temporal Estates or greatness, that I judge both for respect and order sake, that they ought not to be impaired in either: I am sorry if they cannot cure their own Distempers, as well as other mens; like Physitians that are sometimes so unfortunate, as to leave Diseases worse than they found them: Did not the modesty of my Faith oblige my aversion to Faction and Schism, my reason would do as much for my Conscience by condemning them as monstrous and inconsistent with humane being, since seldome or never introduced without Rapine, Blood, and Rebellion, or such a pernicious License that is greedily suck'd in by vulgar minds: and it is some Nonsense to expect a good cause from bad effects. If any advantage can proceed out of so much evil, it is, that zeal will not probably amongst us have too much of future reputation; and it is ever safest that what has so commanding a power, if not fascination on the hearts of men, should

should prudently be doubted ; as it is for the most part Hypocritical and false. A flame (though counterfeited to come from Heaven) is enough to strike the Soul with fury and blindness ; an over-hot zeal will at least tend to frenzy , if not to mischief , as has been a lamentable experience. It is never safe to put Religion out of repute, lest it be not afterwards so soberly esteemed as it had been before : Wherefore the sad divisions and mischiefs produced by our late unhappy Civil War, have abundance of my pitty ; nothing being more deplorable, than to see the Sword of the Spirit drawn on all sides with the Temporal. I must farther add, that I do not believe any have so much occasioned hesitations and doubts in matters of Religion, as their unfortunate miscarriages or evil Tenents: few men will be fool'd with the first : Ill examples are far more obvious to all understandings than disputable. The Orthodox, and true Protestant party, I know are not to be blam'd, though the others have done enough to scandal themselves , and these too. Was ever such impieties committed, as that Fanatick tribe of *Levi* have acted ? did they not preach up Blood and Rebellion ? did they not Sequester, Imprison, and intrude into one anothers preferments ? Can any man conceive that these men did believe at all , or fit to convince any body of a contrary perswasion , and pra-

cise

rise thus? If such as should be our guides are apt to take wrong pathes, they will be mistrusted by those they bid follow. They have left their stains in too deep a dye, to be easily rub'd off, and have nothing but the illiterate madness of their Sects to support their impieties.

There are another sort of rash and giddy men, (though I conceive not so pernicious to the publick as the last) and those are such as will impiously glory, not only in being Scandals to Religion, but as they will debase and prophane the very essentials of it in their usual Ralleries: they will not be so humble as to be Dubitants; it is below their wit, if they make not all Belief whatsoever so ridiculous, as to be their Comedy and sport. I need not put my self to the trouble of farther describing them; they are too notoriously known without it: wherefore I pass them by as the worst Errata's in humane Society. To conclude of this subject, let men obey the Laws, the Church, their Prince; and where their Reason is too much refin'd, let them endeavour to allay it, or acquire so much becoming modesty as to enjoy it with silence: Besides, he that is wise, will give himself caution of being too much an Opiniator, or Singular in his conceptions, lest he prove as great a wonder to himself, as he must be to the world.

Authors.

I Have ever thought time more precious, than to bestow much of it on many words, or many Authors: the quintessence of two or three well extracted, is enough to refresh or inform our knowledge on any one Subject. On the other side, there are some that conceive they can never turn over Books enough, though their collections from them are not to much more purpose than if they knew only their names; nay, the reputation of which alone, or having of a great Library, has emboldned some to enter themselves with the Learned: though you finde them in those Lists, you may soon prove them Intruders, without going so high as a School-distinction. They will tell you who is an excellent Divine, Historian, Orator, or Poet, so you'll not have an account of their wit. Every man that has Money can purchase Cloaths, but not consequently the useful demeanor, and carriage in wearing them. I have known some heads so elaborately stuffed with Books, that they have appeared dull, or in a manner stupified, as to all polite converse: if you do not talk with them of what other men have written, you had as good

good hold your peace; and indeed they signify no more under the weight of so many Volumes, to the improving or supportance of Science, than the fiction of *Atlas* does, whom the Poets will needs feign (perhaps from such an extraordinary burthen of his brain) to uphold the *Ax̄s* of Heaven: but I would rather liken them to crouching Antiques of Wood or Stone, which though seeming to labour exceedingly under the weight of a great building, yet signify nothing to its strength or beauty. 'Tis an odd, and fruitless thing to burthen our brain with other mens works, and produce nothing ingeniously of our own, or by their means to ride a mans parts to a heaviness or stand. I have known some Scholars that would weary or tyre themselves with a Horse, which a Gentleman could with grace and pleasure ride a longer Journey. Nature must refine our converse and studies, or they will be unpleasant or lubberish for our use: wherefore I had rather have one tenth part of Learning joyn'd to the ordinary behaviour and embellishments of a Gentleman, than what a whole Colledge of Students can pretend to from the Schools in gross. I would be able to put on my Band, sit my Horse, or speak handsomely without the assistance of an Author.

When all is done, every man should endeavour as far as his abilities extend, to be an Author to him-

himself, I mean, in well weighing, improving, and as much as in him lyes, perfecting his own thoughts, and next compare them with what he has read; there being nothing more certain, than that the Ingenious apprehension of very many men does compleat more useful, and better knowledge than they seek, or can be acquir'd from Studies: wherefore he is an ill husband of his brain, that does not manure it as well as he can for his own use. And as I approve thinking, so I somewhat more commend the communication of our thoughts in Writing; not that I judge every man is fit, or would oblige any to undertake publickly to be Authors (except they shall judge their parts suitable,) but I mean as most directive to every mans particular Ingenuity, and by which a man is most compendiously and at hand furnished with his conceptions. There is nothing more commendable, than what does enable a man dexterously to express himself; and no way to do it so well as by Writing himself: if his thoughts be ingenious, they are collected and improved by it; if not, it is a ready way to be acquainted with his defects, and to amend them; besides that it advantages exceedingly our Native language, which can no way so readily be better'd, as by a frequent and correct use of our speech. I have known ingenious men, that for only the neglect, or being cautious

cautious to publish what they have written; have either continued unknown; or not had that early repute from the world; which otherwise had been their due: And I doubt not, but if the Writings of such persons were looked into, there would be found (of this kinde) many worthy pieces of Wit and Learning, which out of modesty, (or to avoid the hazard of an unkinde or unjust Censure) they do not think fit to divulge. Of all manner of penning our thoughts, I hold Essayes the best, not only as it is most neat and pithy; but as it comes full, and pertinently home to all concernments of life: besides, it is the essence of thought so apply'd, and contracted, that nothing can be more fit for our selves and others: to which purpose I have endeavour'd in these few examples here, and some lately published of the like nature. The greatest discouragement I perceived was, (not only as there are few things held good of this kinde) but as I prov'd it no less difficult, than I esteem'd it pleasant, there being nothing more hard (perhaps) than to scatter an ingenious and comely variation of thought; yet so, as concisely and properly to connect their dependance on one matter, or Argument, which is the business and beauty of an Essay; the uses whereof should be as familiar to an ordinary apprehension, as the highest of Capacities. Of all the Pens

of the Ancients, I judge that of *Petronius Arbitrator* to be in all kinds the most polite and ingenious, it being so familiarly applicable to the Natures and converse of men, as is not to be parallel'd by Antiquity: wherefore I cannot raise his commendation higher, than to allow him their best general Writer, or Essayist. And with us, I know of none so near his parallel as the late Sir *John Suckling*, whose wit was every way at his command, proper and useful in Verse and Prose, equally gentle and pleasant: And I believe he has not too partial an esteem and memory, if allow'd the *Petronius* of his Age. Of all Writers in this way, I judge *Montaigne* is most taxable, (though I greatly commend his parts) not only as he is very disagreeable or contradictory to himself, but that he is long and tedious, and ravel's in a deal of quotations, and things disorderly and out of place; nay, sometimes takes heads to write on, when you read him speaking to other purposes, & things of different nature: For what is more impertinent, than to pretend to write (as he does) of Coach and Horses, or of some Verses in *Virgil*, and not once touch the Argument he pretends to handle? Which was well perceived by my Lord *Bacon*, who not only far exceeded him in all respects, but has worthily left himself the best example of an Essayist throughout the world. The main requi-

lites to compleat an Author, are, Wit and Judgement; (since how perfectly soever he collects from others, cannot be called his) the one as an ornament, the other a well disposing and contexture of his thoughts. It is true, that wit is more rarely found with men than discreet reason and judgement, since a thousand may be found wise and solid, to one man of refined notions and sense; and yet so wanting to its self, or so fatal to such as have it, as there are none more obnoxious to censure, than the manners and Pens of those esteemed witty. And thus we observe from the Writings of most Poets; if you examine their wit, you may perceive it often; but their judgements by no means so perspicuous: the reason I conceive is, that their volubility and airyness of thought, being so much more predominant, there is left a narrow part of their apprehensions to a solid management of their ingenuities; but are so speciously flatter'd or charm'd with a pleasing (though false *Idea* of things) that they not seldom elapse into many Errors, and out of indulgence to their Verse, neglect themselves: insomuch as there is nothing more singular in the world, than a Correct or faultless Poem; and I dare affirm, that the too frequent use of Rhime does not a little conduce to this misfortune; it being very obvious with such, to take a sound or noise in, stead of proper expression

pression or sense : As on the other side it is manifest , that the cleerness and strength of a Genius (in all kindes) is not so perceptible as when writ without it. Perhaps my Reader will admire that I , who have dealt with the Muses here and elsewhere , should prepare him so strongly against my self : but he is to know , that as I grant so many failings in other men , so I will not defend what are mine : and I suppose he will be the more inclinable to pardon what he thinks amiss, since I so little bespeak his praise. The most proper commendation that can be allow'd good Poesie; is, that it does surprise and present us as it were with new conceptions and wit ; from which excellency , I suppose it was anciently honour'd with the name of Inspiration : And it is most certain, the more perfect and singular any thing appears writ in this way, it will continue many Ages as conspicuous to the world. I cannot at this day read an *Eclog* of *Virgils*, (not to mention his greater works) but it seems to me not onely exceeding delightful, but the most perfect and newest wit, that the attempts of near seventeen Ages since him has yet produced ; and is as likely to continue so still, for the reason before expressed. As an Author should be apt and judicious, so he ought to be no less perspicuous. A man may write any thing mystically or hard , nay trifles, as subtilly

as Metaphysicks; as I have known some Learned that would be sure to do them curiously enough; but they forget that a Reader is not obliged, nor ought he to study any thing that is delivered knotty, and obscurely; and yet I have observed some Writers (though in our Tongue they are born to know) that are so cross-grain'd, as one would as soon undertake to understand the hardest place of *Persius* Satyrs, as unriddle their wit; or as the aforementioned Author said of his Writings, that the time would come, when *Inter ignota haberentur*, and so I'll leave them. To be short, let a Writer endeavour to be plain and judicious, not close his wit in such a shell, as no body shall care for the kernel; it being unreasonable to expect that any man should puzzle his Brain with that sense, which he believes too intricate for the Authors own understanding.

Retirement and Solitude.

Retirement from the too much noise, and crowd of the world, has received both esteem and practice from the good and bad, though on different Motives and respects: the one as he would make himself more familiar with

with vertue by an undisturb'd contemplation. The wise and great people both in thought and action practis'd it very frequently. What a noble and contented Solitude, or withdrawing from the world, had *Fabritius, Curius, Dentatus*, and other of the *Romans*, even in the Meridian of their fame? Their greatness was not to retire to a vast or plentiful estate, but to a great minde: It was ordinary to finde a man thus furnished with them, though his dwelling was but so homely, as to be the capital messuage of four Acres of Land. And it had no less of policy in it too: for by contemning the world and riches, they commended that vertue which challenged a vast share of both. It was sometimes yet more honourable with them, as when the brightness of their merit was spreading too popular, or began to dazle the eyes of the vulgar; on which accounts the prudence of that State took well their withdrawing. Thus it was in the Eminent example of the great *Scipio*, and perhaps one of the bravest Gentlemen and magnanimous person, that State produc'd. Nor was it any wonder, that he (so greatly entertained with the memory of his past glory) could pronounce that so noted expression of his Solitude, *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*. And yet it is confidently believed that he no less accompanied himself with his ingenuity in Writing, than his

other greatness; as is observable from the assistance that is attributed to him of *Terence's* Comedies: and doubtless there are many things more quaint and gentile in those compositions, than are probably to be attributed to a mean *African* or Slave, such as *Terence* is conceived to be. How few *Grandees* at this day will sit down thus satisfied! they can never be Ambitious or great enough; talk to them of retirement, they count themselves ruined or neglected; they will rather confess themselves not Masters of so much ingenuity or vertue, that is worth retiring to. If a man should have advised some of our late Usurpers, or that quintessence of Villany and Tyranny, *Oliver*, that his timely withdrawing from his unworthy Ambition, had been no less honourable, than of merit to his Countrey; how would he have snorted or canted at such counsel! perhaps he might have pretended purposely to seek God, but never to declare he had leave from Heaven to recede from his wicked designs or power. Which shews us, that good men can be content to take from themselves, what the bad seldom or never will do. Another sort of men there are, who, because the ends of their Ambitions are defeated, or by reason they are not so considerable and publick in affairs, as they would be thought worthy to be, will sneak to a pitifal kind of Solitude, or
 where

where they may more freely vent their discontents; and of these, there are not a few examples. As on the other side, there are others, who out of a Cynical nature, or a glory as it were not to be great, or as they are indeed perverse despisers and haters of humane Society, will lurk in their corners, but to be sure will carry their evil habits and manners with them, (or as *Tiberias* did when he retired from *Rome* to exercise more covertly his Debaucheries) and seem to avoid the world, but not themselves; notwithstanding it is in some kind the greatest obligation they can do men, to remove out of their way. I have no such pike to the world, as that I desire to live so, as not to partake my enjoyments in it; my nature cannot be easily reconciled to the *Horrors* of Solitude. I cannot believe but a due commerce with Mankind is a very considerable duty of life; as also that I finde sufficient cause to admire the splendid and eminent good effects of Providence, that I perceive in the Ornaments and Grandeur of States and Princes; so that I fully enough convince my self, that Heaven is not to be embraced so unmannerly or Monkishly as some imagine. I do not doubt but there are as sublime instructions to be drawn from Courts, as from the strictest Cells; nay, possibly better, since where Man's reason is most adorned and

refined . his Soul must receive a considerable
 improvement by it ; and doubtless a wise man
 ought most to value a suitable freedom in the
 practice of his faith and manners , since he can
 be no other way so beneficial to himself and
 others. Notwithstanding, a sincere and honou-
 rable retirement whereby to amend and improve
 our understandings and vertue , is highly com-
 mendable : To avoid the noise and turbulency of
 the world the more quietly, and undisturb'd to
 look into our selves, has been the business of the
 most discreet and eminent of men. It were end-
 less to cite Presidents in this kinde : they have
 sufficiently their praises from many Writers ;
Virgil and *Horace*, two especial Poets, approved
 it, adding no small glory to their Pens by its
 commendation : though they were both by the
 favour of so great and munificent an Emperor
 as *Augustus*, contrary to their inclinations, in great
 part debar'd their satisfactions in this kinde ; yet
 they did not cease their esteem of retirement, as
 one of the best expedients of humane content
 and happiness. Had it not been for these reces-
 sions of life, and a due time of thought imploy'd
 from thence, Mankind had never been oblig'd
 with so many excellent pieces of wit and know-
 ledge. The Philosophers that made both their
 contemplation , could in an ordinary Being ,
 Cave, or Cell, deliver their precepts of Learning
 and

and life, as well as the Poets did the sublimity of their wit and inventions. And I have read, that the Grot or Cave, in which *Virgil* compos'd his matchless work of *Georgicks*, is at this day to be seen at *Naples*. And it is no wonder, if the Muses have ever best communicated their ingenuities to persons of temperate and moderate condition of life : Excess being a more general retainer on tumults and triumphs, than on the ease and freedom of thought. Whatsoever a mans condition is, he would at sometimes enjoy a liberty and quiet, to consider himself and his affairs : it has been acceptable and useful to the greatest of Courts and Camps, and all conditions of life, both in order to publick and private concerns.

In sum, he that has ostentation or vanity to be too much known to the world, is in great danger of dying unacquainted with himself.

Pretenders.

A Good man is a sure Friend, but a bad man seldom or never one ; and he is yet worse, that pretends to civilities and obligations, which he never intends to practice. I particularize none, but condemn all ; they have their modes both

both in publick and private Actions. A sort
 of Foxes that will finde holes in Courts, Cities,
 and Countreys; and you may Nose um as rankly
 every where: they will come in the winde of
 reason do what a man can, and yet will be so
 confident of their formalities and Addresses,
 as if they had no rankness about them, or that a
 Periwig well perfum'd were enough; a savoury
 outside for a rotten brain and heart. They will
 pretend to strict intrigues of friendship, and for
 the most part more propensely than desired; but
 so as they will ever look askint toward their
 ends, which never fail to discover such. If a
 man have a friendly hope to be any wayes ob-
 liged by them, he is sure to be frustrated, by
 reason they are so much beforehand in their de-
 sign on him. I speak to the world, which on
 this subject has an ear deaf enough, but I care
 not: I would have others as little as my self
 cozen'd with fine nothings and shadows; but go
 along as they can, they have the Sunshine on
 their sides, and I am not likely to interpose be-
 twixt it: I can only choose whether I'll court
 what I do not care for, and so may others that
 are wiser than I. If I am not in love with empty
 notions and words, I do not begrutch them or
 their bargain, that are willing to buy them dear.
 I would no more make use of Circumlocutions
 in my Expressions, than Prayers; and tis odd
 but

but he that dares mock men this way, will be as bold with God in another : wherefore I am as apt to blame what is deliver'd for the most part from our Pulpits, as I do the verbal formalities of Statesmen, or the long-winded Orations and Decorums of Forraign Embassies, whose greatest reality is Form. If Zeal be more completely bold with Heaven than it need be, I will suppose that it has Divines for its Courtiers. I mistrust Schism and Faction for nothing more, than that it appears to be full of babling and words, which shews on which Sex of Mankind it depends most : A he-Professor and fighter, and a Zealous she-complier, is this Ages general composition of the *Mars* and *Venus* of Faith. I can be as soon delighted with *Aretine's* Postures, as Religion in such paint. The pretences of Zeal have so regali'd with the fury and luxury of this Age, that good men might well hope its incompetency in the next, did not the world produce so many bables of extravagancie and folly, as are still too prone to support and continue its allurements and deceits. I called it even now the dalliance of *Venus* and *Mars*, and I may in some other respect term it *Venus* and *Mars*. Lust will be alwayes of the Feminine gender, though she seem to wear an ingenious or spiritual shape, or though you finde her in a Smock instead of a Surplice, as the ready way to propagate

gate more exceedingly in our body politick: but these are a generation I had never much to do withal in jest, and I will less meddle with them in earnest: if the kisses of such Satyrs are sicker to others than they can be to me, let them enjoy their retirements and underwoods of Love as they please, or as the publick shall permit them. In the mean time, I will believe that what they seem to hunt after, is not worth finding. Vulgar zeal keeps best quarter with Heaven and Men, when the Sallow is more in their hand than head. If their brain goes to Plough with Religion, instead of the grain and blossoms of faith, you will have for the most part weeds. Wherefore wise men might be glad if such would manure their capacities more sparingly in such matters. I do not conceive that when they seem to lye cold or barren, that it is the worst Husbandry of Religion: Nor do I judge that those Ages of our Ancestors, which are called heavy, superstitious, or darker times, deserve the denomination. One may go to Blinde-man-Buff by day-light, as well as by Candle: an over-heat in the exercise of Religion, may probably sooner tire and weary its professors, than a temperate and calm devotion. I hope I may take leave to commend charity and good manners, without being thought a Bigot of Popery: if there were as wise and peaceable men in those times,

times, am I therefore forbidden to think them pious? I am well satisfied that the supream duties of life are more consistant with an humble belief and practice, than in such, who being inquisitive or turbulent, will take upon them to direct themselves. It must be a weak or foolish Religion, that is not somewhat above ordinary capacities, which would render it too simple to be safe: Wherefore, if Papists can be thus convinced in order to their obedience and quiet, I am sorry that as commendable practice and reason is not as essential to the faith of Protestants; However, I shall not ask pardon for my opinion of such as think otherwise. As publick disturbances from Zeal does seldom want Patriots, so the notions of asserting publick good and politick pretensions, are never without seduced maintainers and admirers; the vulgar being alwayes ready to be allured by a seeming care of preserving or bettering their common concernments, though there be nothing at bottom but the utility of their Seducers. It is one of the oldest cheats in the world, and will be ever one of the newest: 'tis but putting on new trimming to an old dress, and the work is done. And thus (to pass by other examples) we may observe the Analogy betwixt the late *Scotch* Covenant, and the *Catholick* League in *Henry* the Third's time of *France*: if one was the Bawd, the other was the

the Courtisan; or the first disguis'd in the habit of the last, whereby to act and revel more unknown. Popularity and ambition will have these pranks, when they design to erect their Trophies.

To come to our selves, and late intestine War and dissensions; what had we but a various Anarchy, from almost Forty one to Sixty? (not to mention the execrable Murther of the late King) what did it establish, after kicking down every thing in its way, but that *Caper ipse gregis*, alias *Cromwell*, should go astray with his flock? But as these wicked contrivers and fomenters of our troubles have had their Scene in this Age: so they must expect to be as notoriously recorded to future time.

There are others, who being less capacitated to advance publick evils, will serve their turn on private; that is to say with the Proverb, *Will play at small games, rather than sit out*; and these are so very general, that every man's ordinary occurrences does evidence them. It is well for the distrustless and ignorant, that the wise and honest are their defenders; Craft and Cozenage are two such greedy Monsters, as they would devour all otherwise. As there are few men so weak, as to give themselves up directly to deceivers; so there are many that will bite home when a pretext is speciously baited: what cautious fish will not swallow, enough of the

fry will. We meet it thus in our converse, our
 dealings, and in what is called our friendship;
 how few are there that do not soon appear bad
 enough to discover themselves? men cannot
 enter a familiarity or friendship, but they as soon
 come to a distance or strangeness with one ano-
 ther: we may have enough of such as will rea-
 dily call themselves our Friends, but are never
 extended further than the name. I have known
 a long acquaintance produce worse effects of this
 kinde; than a shorter familiarity: by the first, if
 men are bad, they are more familiarly knowing
 of the disposition they are to work on, and con-
 sequently succeed more perniciously: wherefore
 it is good judgement to be rid of such an ac-
 quaintance betimes, or on a small discovery, lest
 you do it after on worse terms: He that is at
 any time evil, it is very dangerous to give him
 opportunity to be worse: we may well discharge
 the intimacies of such, who put themselves away,
 by first meriting our separation from them. There
 is no ingratitude but wears first the smooth
 disguise of friendship; it being ever referred to
 some precedent endearments, by familiarity or
 obligation, to which purpose the excellent Sa-
 tyrist *Juvenal* gives us this caution, *Ingratus ante
 omnia pone sodales*. Where we entrust our
 selves most, the unworthy Nature of man is
 more impowred to do mischief; wherefore
 there

there ought to be no less caution used to whom we commit the fidelity and openness of our hearts, lest we have a false one in return : It being good prudence to doubt most, and trust few; not believing but the denomination and trust of a friend, are sometimes the pretexts and stratagems of a base Enemy. I finde it the most general and vehement complaint of Writers in all times I have read of, to reflect most severely on the evil manners of their Age; and I judge they have reason, as being most the concern of men to conceive their present defects and vices worse than such preceded them. And yet I am satisfied enough, that there have been times as exquisitely bad as ours can be pretended to be. The Art of deceit and lying, I finde somewhat ancients than the *Trojan Horse*, and the Poets *Sinon*; notwithstanding the pretended ingenuity and sanctimony of his Character : but the mischief is, that what they render'd most odious, we frequently practise to be more customary and curious in it. If I were asked whether I would have trusted a Porter or Groom belonging to our Ancestors, before some magnified honour, and *Heroes* of this Age; I should take leave, without asking many of their pardons, to grant the affirmative. I cannot admire a modish trick or deceit, though delivered by the most splendid Tongue, or Name. Where the Heart has cause

to

to be ashamed, there is great reason to blush for our words : However, we are somewhat behold- ing to the practises of our time, in that a Mediocrity or small degree of vertue is able to pass so well amongst us, whereas a stricter Age would be more incompatible in teaching us to be good. I could say as much of Wit, and other pretended accomplishments ; but they have been touched elsewhere, or not further necessary to be mentioned in this place.

Of Living and Dying.

I Will joyn these together, because they are considered more than they ought asunder ; they are too familiarly acquainted, to be set at distance ; and are but the common and evident revolutions of Nature, which gets as much by Death, as she can do by Life : if one thing dye, another lives out on't, is too much a common place of Philosophy to be insisted on ; I will therefore deal here with their effects or similitude : though we cannot live after death the same, I finde we dye much after the same rate we liv'd : the use of life, is but to instruct death ; and as we manage the first, so we for the most part conclude with the other. If our first acts

are good, there is some hope of a better at last ; if not, the contrary ; and thus very generally we leave the world. The cure of the Soul when we are to dye, is not less difficult than the reparation of the Body : To quit a Disease that has been long upon us, is not easily done in a few moments : A long Journey is troublesome to provide for in too short a warning ; the very haste does enforce us to leave something necessary behinde us. Wherefore might I have my wish, I would dye timely and by degrees ; and I am no less beholding to Nature, if my end be so fitted, that I be not precipitately thrust out of the world by death ; either as it respects Youth or Age, I cannot but pity it wheresoever I observe it. I would be some time a consuming, and by parts, before I do it altogether : I hold it the most familiar way of Nature so to dispose of us ; and I would not have her purposely go out of her way for me : wherefore I am much more desirous to go off with a Consumption than a Feaver ; the first as a convenient warning of my dissolution, which it prepares in part beforehand ; whereas the other has too much of heat and Distemper. I never affected Drunkenness, and I should be loath to have any thing like its humour in my Brain dying. I much approve a handsome correspondency of Life and Death ; I would not be altogether the same dying and living ;

living; yet not so as to attempt a Metamorphosis of my constitution at the time I am to be transformed by Nature: If I have lived a Gentleman, I should be loath to turn a Cynick or Capuchine near the minute of my departure: if I cannot more mannerly take leave of my self in leaving of the world, I shall not endeavour at that time to court Heaven morosely, and in a form would not have becom'd me before. Besides, it shews too much forgetfulness, apprehension, or despair, to put on a disguise, or absolutely to personate another Character so near our End. A good man has a hard part to Act Living and Dying; but I would not expect such a strict Decorum in the last, that like a Player's, it must needs have an *Exit* in the greatest word or thing: our Wit and Memory are generally too frail (especially at that time) for extraordinary heights: if a mans last day be not much the worst, he ought not to be so extraordinary ambitious, as by its means to aspire to his best. I cannot but observe too many Austerities, Surges, and windings in the *Advenues* of Christian practice; one while posting over the *Alps* to *Rome*; another time whip'd and spur'd to *Geneva*, as if Faith must gad out of our own Countrey of necessity: besides, we are not seldom too remiss, and again as rigorous in our devotions. Wherefore I could wish our manners and piety were more smooth

and facile, which were both Ethical and Natural; and not as if we had not so much to do for our selves, as others for us. If this excellency be admired in most of the Ancient Philosophers, it does no less highly merit an esteem; whose precepts were equally familiar and complaisant to good manners and belief; and by consequence could guide themselves accordingly. If there were here and there a *Diogenes* amongst them, a Morose or Cynical Christian may look as oddly amongst us: I would neither choose the confinement of a Tub, or a Temple: such extraordinary and irregular examples of Living and Dying take me not: austerity and fullness may be as much (in its kinde) a form or mode, as capping of the Hat, or cringing the Knee: it is one thing to retire wisely (as I have instanc'd already) and another to be so dogged as to bite our selves. I cannot blame any thing so much in the Heroick vertue and constancy of the *Romans*, as their voluntary Deaths and Suicides; as if they were obliged to live no longer than they thought fit themselves, or when their vertue was not successful or practicable with others, or that of necessity they must dye when other men would not be good with them. I had as live see a Childe cry for what he has lost, as hear of an Heroick that kills himself for losing that he cannot keep, (the first I am sure is more natural) and
 this

this was the case of *Cato*, *Brutus*, and the like. What a Tragedy is it to think of *Cato's* dying and tearing his Bowels in such a displeasure with the world; or, what was more odious to his severity, the sight of *Cæsar* and his good fortune, or *Vultum Tyrannidis*, as *Cicero* calls it. We may imagine the same of *Brutus* when defeated by *Augustus*, and even with disdain and contempt of vertue he had so Stoically serv'd,

O, misera virtus, ergo nil nisi verba eras,

Sed ego te tanquam rem exercebam, sed tu

Serviebas fortuna. —

Which I judge to be some oversight in so great a man, in expecting a certain Superintendency of vertue over the mistakes and accidents of the world, when very often nothing shifts for its self worse, or is more often oppress'd than a righteous Cause. Amongst all I have read on, I cannot finde a more vertuous Prince, or a juster quarrel, than what our late King defended; and yet the success was no less deplorable: As on the other side, his magnanimous and equal compliance with the last and worst Exigents of his fate, had been as much an example even to *Cato* and *Brutus*, as it far surpasses all Moral or Christian Heroes.

But to return, I do not finde any thing so commendable in the Ancients (putting aside some austere examples) as their constancy to themselves and vertues, I mean in beginning betime, and no less honourable and prudent in concluding their lives: They did not set their youth forward in the world with airy and phantastick notions, but made their vertue serious and early: they did not deny it the most weighty imployments of Age, when it flourished with suitable endowments; as was seen in *Scipio African*, who at four and twenty years old, was thought sufficient for the Prudence and Majesty of a Consul or General, and no less successfully managed the War against their most subtile and formidable Enemy *Annibal*: and it was not to be wondred at with them, whose manners did accustome and ripen so soon their greatness in all kindes. Amongst us (as well as some Ages I past) it is far otherwise; our brain has no room for flowers early: if we kill some weeds at forty, and be reformat'd to some sobriety of understanding and manners then, 'tis passable enough with us; nay, if we come to be better acquainted with piety in a fit of sickness, or take fast hold of our Creed dying, 'tis pretty well. I instance this in respect of our prejudices on all accounts from the inequalities of life. For the time of Death, I finde one only most suitable and proper, that

that is, when we are most willing, and best prepared. *Seneca* the Tragedian has it thus :

Optanda mors est sine metu mortis mori.

If well invited, it cannot be unwelcome whensoever it comes; and what might be well ended at such a time, perhaps is worse finished in another : I would not depend on Age for this contentation of minde absolutely, because it is very possible it may arrive much sooner; it being usual enough with such as are old, to be better satisfied with their years of living, than any they can number on the account of vertue. In short, when we have sum'd all the Actions and Contents of life, they do at most, but either fill us, or weary us, which a very few hours can do as well as many; nay, if we consider diligently, the greatest blessings we can perceive or enjoy, they are upon the matter but so many repetitions, as much ours in one day as in many; we are not likely to observe a different order of Nature either in our selves, or any thing else. Heaven and Earth were the same in our fore-fathers time, and are likely to continue so after us; and it is no small meanness of Soul, not to have enough of the same thing often, which we cannot better understand, or any wayes more perfectly enjoy. When all is done, it must be (as I have touched already) an evenness in living, that can best suit and welcome our separation from the

world : He that has liv'd airily and generous, goes off with no good Decorum, if his death represent a Satyr or Tragedy against his past life : Nor do I judge that Heaven is much pleas'd to behold us so unequally : wherefore if such a man does not dye capping of Verses, I can allow him some complaisance with Poetry and Wit ; and perhaps a thought of that kinde, so it be useful and Divine, may go more smoothly upward from his Genius, than a line of the Prophets he has not been so well acquainted with. He that thinks he can more agreeably end with Musick than Tears, it were severe to deny him, let his profession be what it will. Though I am far of another judgement than *Petronius Arbitr* was ; yet I could pardon most of his Enormities (except his being no Christian) for his so gentile and delicate embracing of his end, in conformity with his life, and what he thought was to be esteem'd felicity-----*Audiebatque referentes levia*

Carmina, & faciles versus----

And it is probable enough that such as we call Heathen, had a due apprehension of the shame of too great an inequality or tergiversation in themselves ; a useful thought for Christians, who above all should endeavour to live and dye as becomes their belief.

I cannot deplore death, (not only as it is so familiar and certain with mankind) but rather
finde

finde my self obliged to welcome it in respect of its subserviency to the uses of Providence; nay, I am assured, that had we not our periods set by its means, but might live till the world were so over-burthen'd, that its numbers of men must necessarily be impaired, we should do it but madly and Butcher-like of our selves, and be glad to receive the natural conveniencies of death for our own sakes. I finde (and I do not remember where) a pretty kinde of merry wish in some-body, that he might never dye; as arguing, that it were nothing for Heaven to exempt from the grave the life of one man. But suppose this person might have obtained his desire; might not he have been weary of living, or abhor'd its perpetuity in himself, which to a determin'd and final comprehension could not be satisfactory? I confess I have sometimes admir'd how the efficacy of Nature comes so easily, and in a manner contrary to its intention, to be untimely frustrated of life in so many several individual things which perish young: I see it in Trees, and Beasts; and what is most deplorable, even in the most hopeful of humane youth, when removed by Diseases, Accidents, and the like: and yet there is no doubt but to the utmost power and providence of Nature, she intends a due continuation. But this is a contemplation above thought. The most proper and useful
 consi-

consideration that we can have on this subject, is, not to be wanting to our selves in reflecting on the intemperancies, vices, and imprudencies of life ; because these are no less our concern, than in our power to remedy. As for death, as it is of necessity and without us, and claims nothing from us, that we can call absolutely ours ; so we are obliged and ought to be prepared to bid it welcom : There being no greater imbecility of minde, than in being unwilling to leave Life ; which we neither can, or ought to keep.

Of my Self.

I Have troubled my Reader with some generalities of my thoughts ; and I will now, with his leave, limit some to my self ; yet so, that as much of the world I finde in me, he shall take (if he please) together with me. Every man represents a Microcosm or little world, is old and Proverbial ; I finde by my self that I represent Mankinde somewhat broader and larger. If I conster my self, I can read the world better within me, than without me : the manners of most men have to do in me whether I will or no ; there is no Vice or Luxury but my constitution has a

twang of, in which my Soul does imbibe more venom than it is able to vomit out of me: nay, I am not ashamed to confess, that I write against such enormities that I cannot sufficiently abhor. There is no Logician of them all, that can better distinguish Vertue from Vice, than I, though I fail as well as most of them, in the general predicament of practice: my Soul has the misfortune (with others) to be more Speculative, than good. I have invented as many fine things for my self, as most have done; and I as much blame my ingenuity for troubling me to so little purpose.

Repentance is but the brocage of ill manners, though as dear a Purchase as any man can make for himself; there are many cheaper Bargains to be had in *Long-Lane* (if you'll pardon the meanness of the Metaphor) than are to be allowed from Philosophers and Divines; the Soul must be at the charge of so many nice and fine Idea's, with either of the last, that believe me, Sense will go near to repent, or vitiate her contract another way; wherefore I blame em not, if they allow better bargains to themselves than other men have from them: I am forced to deal with my Soul and Body together, do what I can, or they for me: What I finde exorbitant in my self, I am as apt to check as another man; yet cannot fall directly foul with Nature for making

making Vice predominant, or more necessary in me than I could wish, since she has declared in great part it shall be so, in giving me a suitable temperament and being; I will not therefore be troubled with her will, although I do not absolutely submit my own. When I behold a beautiful Woman, my inclinations want no alacrity to consider her as a Woman, and my self as a Man; nay, I am ready enough to conclude that Nature has intended her as much for my enjoyment as any others, (since her Hee's and Shee's have no particular appropriation from any record of hers) untill I select some more superlative notions to restrain this propensity of mine. To deal plainly, I finde my appetite so strong, or lusty as I may say, that I am forced to make use of not only a Curb to it, but of a Muscicle or Martingale to boot; and I assure you, I am glad when both are sufficient to serve my turn together: If I am able to manage my self soft and fairly on betwixt Vertue and Vice, I hold it a good Pilgrimage for my manners: where Nature is irregular, I cannot but go astray something; however, my endeavour shall be to break over as few of her Hedges and Pounds, as any other Man. I cannot for my life allow of that general Maxime (from whomsoever it comes) that all men are by Nature equally evil or vicious, since I finde it as fully contradicted, as the

the complexions and inclinations of men arising from thence can be possibly said to differ. It signifies to me all one, to hold that men are cold and hot alike, that they feed and are equally nourished to one condition or temperament of Body: which is sufficient to manifest what ado and scuffle is made by some to fit a more refined Soul and Body together, than is capable of subsistence from humane life. And here I could make a Query, whether man may not reasonably expect a suitable pardon for such of his offences, as are more properly the impulsions of Nature, than caus'd by himself? I finde no way so obvious to distinguish the essential dignity of the Soul from the Body, as that I can think or contemplate so much better than I do: and here I conceive must be granted an Excellence or a Divine comprehension in the Soul alone; and yet I finde that it does so participate of the imperfections of the body, that it seems rather to bungle with those Superlative notions and Ideas that are inherent in it, than to bestow them fully, and expressive on the Intellect. For example, I am Writing on this Subject, which I am beholding to my Soul to deliver, but as she conceives it in gross: if she were able to go further with me, she could declare not only her own being, but as clearly things of a Superlative excellence; which she being not able to

execute,

execute, is at some stand to discern her self, as likewise her apprehension of whatsoever is of a more sublime subsistency. Every man may finde that excellency in his Soul, that no reason (for the impediments above mentioned) is able to give account of : He may think backward, forward, fix his consideration on this or that object ; observe such a continual, and uncompell'd motion of all the faculties of his Soul , as it seems necessarily to require a more supream and lasting abode, than can be given it by the Body : nay, if a man considers how far he can recollect past thoughts, and how early Children are for the most part capable and expressive of such knowledge, as could not reasonably be supposed learn'd, or taught them, it will make a good judgement inclineable to permit the Soul a Divine pre-existence or being. Wherefore I cannot believe the Incarnation, (though held by many so incomprehensible a fundamental of our Faith) to be more a Miracle, though a greater, since they differ no more, than that the one is the general Divinity of Mankind ; the other a more Supream and Sacred essence in the mystical Union of both Natures in Christ. But I will say no more of this particular, lest I make my Readers head ake, as well as mine. Every man has enough to do with the world, but I finde that my understanding is more intricately troubled with

with my self; I am not so overseen or mistaken in any other man: I know where to have other mens thoughts in greater measure by their Actions, as the covetous, fraudulent, dissemblers, and the like. I act none of these parts against my self; wherefore they are nothing of my business with me: where my actions are most common with the rest of Mankind, I finde my thoughts not only different from them, but from such other of mine as my Brain is pleased to furnish me with; I cannot chuse but perplex my self with what I have found is not to be understood, as well as some I am acquainted withall: I finde my Soul is willing to instruct me, but cannot; and yet I am still inviting her to be my Tutress: I am so unhappy, as never more to doubt my knowledge, than when I consider much: where I would take it profoundly, I find it shallow; and I prove it the same in others that have plung'd deepest. I very often perceive my conceptions more jarring within themselves than with other mens; wherefore I am better prepared to receive their instructions than my own. I am far more delighted with such Authors as are rather ingenious, than curious and subtle; which is no small reason that the nice distinctions and Doctrines of the Schools, is less the Ambition of my knowledge. I have observ'd enough the difference amongst
Philo-

Philosophers of the best repute, to build any certainty of Science from principles which at best go not much higher than probability: The curiosity and search of mans understanding I prov'd large; but that Nature had much straitned his intelligence in order to himself. To Mathematicks I have been more indulgent, in respect it depends on demonstration, and a method to conclude certainly on something: but as I endeavour'd to proceed, I soon found many things in it rather intricate and profound, than useful; or as the *French* say, *Le Jen n' van pas le Chandelle*: wherefore I concluded in general, that a taste of Books, or such a Cursory knowledge as became a Gentleman, was most advantageous to my Genius. Above all, I found that the wit of manners, such as is in *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and some of the Poets, conduced most to refine Nature; giving it such a politeness of Spirit and Judgment, as was best suitable to the uses of life in all kindes: In short, I hold it more agreeable to enjoy the world, than to be overmuch cumber'd with its contemplation. I pen nothing of weight, but I finde my conceptions various and uncertain, which not seldom betraye my reason into a Labyrinth of doubts, and so leaves it: though I cannot discern the way out, I do not forbear to bring my apprehension where I can least guide it, and thus I lose my self, when I would

would be most considerately found by my understanding.

I write with as many blots as most men do, and yet I have found sometimes occasion to blame my self for not making of more : Insomuch that I have been not a little concerned that I have published some things over-hastily, or without such a diligent examination as I could have bestowed on them. I would not by my will have enabled the world to judge better of my sense, than my own reason might have done for them and me too. *Ben Johnson* said of *Shakespear's* Works, that where he made one blot, he wish'd he had made a thousand : If my brethren of *Pernassus* be content with me to take as many amongst us, I will with good satisfaction share with them, though I do not finde more of my Lines that deserve a Purge for being Aguish or Gouty, than I do of theirs. As for praise, I never much courted it, or thought so meanly of my ingenuity, as to endeavour its support that way : where I have thought my lines strong, I have never apprehended they could be Crippled by a Critick. If some have smil'd at my wit, I have perhaps done the same at their censure. I could never carry my self so smoothly towards the perverse or indiscreet, as to arrive at the reputation of being one of the ingenious of their Club or Society; which seem'd all one to me, as

to be thought one of the wisest Fools amongst them; though perhaps I might have been celebrated for such a toy, on as easie terms, as I see it bestowed on others, who are well enough content to enjoy a repute of wit, at the cost of theirs, or other mens folly. I never increased my aversion to mens parts, or what I conceiv'd their failings, out of any pique to their persons, (though it be the Splenative and contemptible carriage of some) nay, I have ever endeavour'd to set the keenest of my Wit against my own failings in all kinds; and have been no less troubled to perceive that such blemishes as I have at one time pretty well prun'd from my Genius, should at another season spring again. I love my self too well to write my own Satyr, and yet I am not asham'd to tell my Reader that my own Salt has inwardly gall'd my self. I have sometimes considered other men in a balance with me, and have found cause to depress my self, as much as I have exalted them: where I judged their Abilities weigh'd lighter than mine, I have added some grains to make them more ponderous to my understanding. If I have allowed any more favour than they have deserved, or returned me, I repent it not, as being more suitable to humanity, to have more kindness for the best things of men, than to be over-severe or froward at their worst.

Expe-

Experience is said to be the Mistress of Fools, and she has been so far my knowledge of the world, as that I have trusted and been deceived; nay, with that indulgency too, that I have not concluded men so bad, as I have had cause enough to think them; though when such had been well prov'd by me, I could not have imagin'd them so vile as I found them.

I have this more to say for my self, that (were it not for ostentation) it lyes sufficiently in my power to compare my self advantageously with the greatest part of men of as generous a birth as I am, (I will pass by what ingenuity or learning belongs to them or me, lest they take it too ill, if I do not allow them more wit and knowledge than I pretend to) wherefore I would be understood in manners only, to the defects of which I dare affirm, I do not finde my self so prone as many of my degree. I study no form of words, or modes of deceit: I am neither so prodigal or covetous; no associate of such Cabals of impertinency and debauchery, as not a few of my equals are addicted to. If I have been so frail as to have to do with Vice, it has been alone, and with a blush. I stave off no Creditors with hard words, or put them to the expence of Suits for their own. I deal with men as I would have men deal with me; that is to say, plainly and justly: I finde enough in the world

that I better, even in the worst things: I am ne'ther so bad as I could be, or as they are and would be; which I might take to be some credit to my imperfections, if they could deserve any: and I do not pretend to an absolute vertue. In sum, I could never indure to render my self so ridiculous to my self, as to pretend to be more religious, or morally good, than well became my conscience to assert, (notwithstanding I observe nothing more commonly and easily counterfeited, both as to private and publick respects) I will therefore leave such disguises to men of suitable designs and interest: if others hold them Patriots, they shall be none of mine, but against my will. I desire neither to abuse my self, or the world; if I do not finde cause to adore my desert, I am as far from endeavouring to receive the Idolatry of other men.

'Tis generally said of Painters, that they figure themselves best; and it may be aswel affirmed, that men suitably accomplish'd are most able to write themselves: wherefore of many Histories, Lives and Characters of men, delivered by the Pens of the ingenious, it would not but have been at least as useful, if for the most part they had published as diligently themselves: I should much rather have chosen to read the Lives of *Socrates* and *Plato*, as also some of the best Poets,

communicated by their own Pens, than *Alexander* or *Cæsar* by *Quintus Curtius*, or *Plutarch*. But as some men are over-modest, so others are as much ashamed to express themselves truly and home to what they ought to discover; which may be the reason that the world is not so usefully knowing in this kinde.

In the mean time, as I have received some satisfaction in communicating thus far my self unto me, so I shall as willingly receive my Readers pardon for troubling him with what he has so little to do with: though I am fully indifferent in appearing what I am to the world, as to my thoughts: or if at any time he shall conceive this method useful for himself and others, I could wish that he would so far improve it, and me, as to publish as indifferently his Figure; that I may take as deep inspection into his, as he has had of mine.

F I N I S.

[illegible]

The PREFACE

To the Paraphrase on Cicero's LELIUS.

OF all the most exquisite Eloquence that has proceeded from the Tongue or Pen of man, the world has justly allowed a supreme esteem to this Author's, of whom Pliny says, Solus in toga Triumpham meruit linguæq; lauræam : Insomuch that it may be affirmed, that Cicero's Pen has given more honour to Rome, than the Sword of her Captains and Armies which magnanimously subdued so great a part of the Earth to her Dominion : Her Conquests we see (suitable to the common Fate of greatness) have received a period long since, whilst the Writings of this Author are at this day supreme throughout the world.

His Expression was not more happy, than his thoughts profound. If we take him as a Philosopher, he was questionless one of the most learn'd of the age he lived in, or perhaps that has succeeded him. To the Schools he came betime, yet more early flourished in Eloquence; being said to have been able to Declaim in Greek at fifteen years old: which shews us, that Wit is far more the production of Nature than Art.

This Treatise which he calls Lelius, or L.

The Preface:

Amicitia, written by him to Pomponius Atticus, the Reader may perceive to have been a Dialogue-Discourse betwixt Lelius, Scævola, and Fan- nus, Romans of good account in the time they lived, which I take to be the Age next preceding his : famous in producing Scipio African, Cato the Elder, both of whom receive an honourable mention here ; but most especially the first, whose most excellent vertue and converse with his noble and worthy friend Lelius, does in no small measure dignifie this Treatise, to whom Cicero gives this especial Commendation in his 4th Book of Tusculane Questions, Sapientia studio vetus quidem in nostris, sed tamen ante Lelii aetatem & Scipionis, non reperiō quos appellare possim nominatim.

Whether the subject here treated was wholly Compil'd by Cicero, under those names ; or whether he found some precedent matter (which I rather believe) and so bestowed a polishing on it by his Eloquence, is not certainly known : However it were, I dare affirm that the worth of this Authors Pen does not more eminently appear in any thing written by him, than in this his most excellent Treatise of Friendship, the Title whereof shews sufficiently its use and value.

There are few men so bad, to deny the worth and benefit of Friendship, though I conceive the Age we live in is as little prepared to practise

it

The Preface.

it, as most of the former; since we find mens respects so much applyed to their own uses, that it is rather a complying of Interest, quæ ad Commodum accedit, (as Seneca observes) than any regard or application to worth: A consideration that might have given me discouragement enough from conveying this Treatise into our Language and Verse, (notwithstanding its repute more than seventeen hundred years in Prose) though it has no small reason to prevail on our Judgements and manners, in delivering to us how absolutely the vertue of Rome was united to her greatness, and in particular that affection and esteem her Citizens received from the goodness of their manners; which cannot (if duely weighed) but advantage publick and private concerns.

And it is some admiration, that from so eminent and worthy an example as Rome, whose vertues have been more than twenty Ages conspicuous to the world, so little has been practis'd of the precepts of so great a Mistress: Nor had she the good fortune to continue many Ages her own example, as may be seen by her Empires declination and fall; it being the worst of her fate, to be ruin'd by having her Vice too exorbitant for her power to subdue.

What I have here effected, I have Entitl'd a Paraphrase in Verse rather than a Poem, not only

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as the essential matter is not mine, but as I have taken liberty to enlarge the subject, or decline proper names and circumstances, (as the Reader may perceive) which though sweetned with the Eloquence of Cicero, would not have received a like Harmony from Verse: A license most allowable and useful to Poësie, whensoever it has to do with Prose; wherein if my thoughts have not too unhappily mingled with his, I doubt not but I am free from debasing them by mine, or rendring what were properly his beneath themselves.

For the main, I have followed his manner of Dialogue and method, as may be understood by the Original; excepting that I have divided the whole into three parts, of which I have made his Preface one.

The great abundance of this Authors Eloquence and matter, in this and other his Treatises, (which like a pleasing fountain flows into many streams) do's rather shew his copiousness of thought than superfluity of Imagination; so that it may seem impossible for him to have added more to his own sense in point of Expression or Ornament.

What I have here done, is not with the confidence of an Orator that would presume to intermix his Pen with Cicero's; but rather (as I have instanc'd already) a Poetical License that may defend me in Verse, whilst the other would have justly condemn'd me in Prose: And so I leave it to the Judgement of my Reader. A



*A Paraphrase in Verse on Cicero's
Lelius, or of Friendship; written
by him to Pomponius Atticus.*

PART. I.

O *F Caius Lelius* worth, Fame much did tell,
When *Rome* all Nations Vertue did excel,
And him amongst her prudent Robe esteem'd,
Then *Mutius Scævola* he wisely deem'd
The chaste Espouser of his Daughters Bed,
Of whose high Wisdom much by Fame was led;
When he a wondrous *Roman* Augure sate,
Foreseeing thus successive deeds of Fate,
Which keeps no Circle constant to mankind,
But rounds a Centre too sublime to finde;
Though it can never swerve from Nature's Law,
Whil'st Fools to Fortune would enslave their awe.
But pass we hence to *Scævola's* greater fame,
Where *Tullie's* richest words exalt his Name
And *Lelius*, did with him of Friendship treat,
With *Caius Fannius*: soon after di'd the great
And warlike *Scipio*, from *Affrick* not more fam'd,
Than in this Treatise we have *Lelius* nam'd:

Which

Which from me *Atticus* thy Love requir'd ,
 Nor is there subject more my Soul desir'd
 Than Friendship gives, the Gold of Worth and Love,
 Which does mankind to noblest acts improve.
 Of *Cato's* prudent age, before I writ,
 And thought its Patronage might thee betit;
 He wisely liv'd, but flourish'd most in years,
 Which, reason (Mankind's firmest staff, most fears :
 So much his Wisdom did my Soul delight,
 That more his words than mine, I strove to write.
 The same for *Lelius* here my Pen would do,
 Whose sage deserr's convey'd with *Cato's* too :
 Think now he speaks or dictates to my Theam,
 As it admir'd th' immortal *Cato's* Name.

Lelius to *Scipio-Affrican* a Friend,
 What praise, or greatness farther can extend ?
 And thus to *Fannus Lelius* had express'd.

Fan. Who then reply'd, Let our discourse not flit
 With too short mention of his mighty fame
 That rais'd the honour of our *Roman* Name.
 Of his and *Cato's* worth, who would not hear,
 To which our Senate such respect did bear ?
 Thy graces too for ever Fame must own,
 Not less to us, than to wise *Cato* known;
 Gifts of thy minde too great for to compare
 But with his, People, Senate, held so dear.
 Thou wise from Nature, Manners, Study, too,
 What more than these could *Cato's* merit show ?
 Thy Prudence does felicity so place,
 As 'tis the Gole for thy swift Vertues race ;
 And accidents of man dost so despise ,
 That thou instructest Fortune to be wise.
 Of me and *Scevola*, thy great Friends have taught
 How *Scipio's* death did wound thy noble thought

Because

Because that in these Nones thou did'st not come
 To *Brutus* Gardens, the delight of *Rome*,
 Where no day pass'd, but we from thee might hear
 Thy prudent Comments so divinely rare,
 Appli'd to things most high import mankind,
 Bestowing thus the Treasures of thy minde.

Scav. True, I must witness what our *Fannius* spake
 When thy Friends griev'd lest *Lelius* Soul might take
 Too strict a sorrow for great *Scipio's* death,
 Or bid adieu to life on wings of breath :
 To which I answer'd, though I had observ'd
 Thou in thy value of him had'st not swerv'd
 From moderation best declares the wise ;
 Yet, might thy Soul be pierc'd with humane eyes,
 No grief could there be wanting does become
 The Friend of *Scipio*, and concern of *Rome* :
 But for what cause thou hast withdrawn of late,
 To sorrow, or thy sickness does relate.

Lel. Of me kinde *Scavola* has justly spoke,
 Nor has my Soul such vain impression took,
 That I can mourn one hapless hour away,
 Which duty to my Countrey bids me pay ;
 This Constancy expects, and *Rome* of me,
 Which for no sorrow must neglected be.
 Great *Scipio's* Friendship I admired more
 Than my best thoughts can e're his loss deplore !
 His vertue best instructeth me to know
 How Publick-duty private does allow :
 This in our *Zamas* Battel was beheld,
 When *Romans* did their lives to glory yield,
 He wept not in that day one *Roman's* fall,
 But joy'd their Valours forc'd their Funeral :
 And should I mourn his death who di'd so great,
 'Twou'd look as if Fate could his Fame defeat.

But

But ere I more of his high vertue speak,
 Thy Love does *Fannus* me too equal make
 To matchless *Cato*, who chief of Mortals knew
 What humane Wisdom most became to do ;
 Nor think that mighty Sage *Apollo* chose
 Before his Prudence could himself propose :
 His deeds and sayings might have added sense
 To what Greeks feign their Oracles dispense.
 But to my *Scipio* I will now return,
 And tell you how my Soul his death does mourn :
 Should I depriv'd of him my loss deny,
 'Twere worse than Stoical stupidity ;
 Touch'd I am deeply, and may truly say
 My Soul's best joy deceas'd in his last day :
 Nor can I hope that man shall ever be
 Grac'd as I was with such an Amity :
 He dy'd so great, that 'twere my Friendship's crime
 To wish he liv'd to dye a second time ;
 Which does present such comfort to my Soul,
 That I the world's fond way of grief controul ;
 No hurt to *Scipio* could by death accrew,
 His famous loss to me most harm did do :
 Though too much my misfortune to lament
 Were a concern too great in my content.
 His vertue did arrive to such a height,
 That more Immortal 'tis than Stars or light :
 What did he not accomplish man can praise,
 Or who a wish above his deeds would raise ?
 How much did *Rome* his Noble youth admire,
 Majestick great, yet full of Martial fire ?
 His Uncle, Father, both great Consuls Slain
 In one dayes Field fierce *Annibal* did gain ,
 Whose Fate and *Carthage* were reserv'd to be
 The same and glory of his victory :

Romes Consulship he never did demand,
 His vertue not himself did for it stand :
 Though twice that honour'd office he has grac'd
 Once before due, as soon when due so plac'd :
 Wars present, future Triumphs he obtain'd
 Whil'st *Carthage* conquer'd what power next remain'd,
 For Empire of the world with *Rome* durst cope,
 So much his deeds oblig'd her warlike hope :
 His manners to his actions honour were,
 Subduing passions, Nature's roughest War :
 He Armies taught the worth of Civil Laws,
 Which more Victorious made *Rome's* Martial cause :
 'Twere endless all his graces to declare,
 What pious Son his Mother held so dear :
 Liberal to such all'd to his high blood ;
 Just unto all, to Friends most kindly good :
 These deeds I doubt not are well known to you,
 And how our City him lamented too,
 That Crown'd his end ; and who'd be valu'd more
 Than him, great *Rome* held worthy to deplore ?
 Each year he liv'd, more joy his past still brought,
 Who aged di'd, yet unimpair'd in thought ;
 His Life so great, that Death it self took care
 For his Soul's flight, his Bodies pain to spare.
 The day before his last auspicious come,
 When him our Conscript-Fathers waited home,
 To us foreshew'd that *Romes* rewarding Gods
 Would soon demand him to their bless'd abodes :
 Who can consider his desert, and say
 Souls dye and live our Bodies Mortal way ?
 This made me judge how wise and pious thought
 Religious rites unto mans practice brought ;
 Concluding, that Immortal Souls must be
 Disrob'd of Sense their mean felicity ;

A Theorem our Ancients held Divine,
 And as 'twas worthy *Scipio's*, so 'tis mine :
 He it confirm'd almost with his last breath,
 To shew he better things did hope by death.
 Wherefore his end my friendship can't lament,
 Since Heaven in him receives a full content :
 Nay, could I think that Souls with Bodies dye,
 And felt no more of humane misery ;
 'Tis palpable, that as death brings no good,
 So it our hurt cannot be understood :
 In *Scipio* dead I am blest'd, as I rejoyce
 My Soul's high honour in his Loves great choice :
 From him I learn'd what friendship did import,
 And saw its meanness in the vulgar sort ;
 My sole concerns with his our Loves did joyn,
 And his Republick-cares embrac'd with mine :
 Not that I would my *Fannus* should surmise
 That his esteem declar'd us equal wise ;
 Nay, durst my thoughts that Parallel extend ,
 'Twere less than to have been our *Scipio's* Friend :
 Few Noble Friendships Ages past could show ,
 Nor shall like his and mine the future know.

Fan. Wisely has *Lelius* to this period brought
 His *Scipio's* worth, which shall survive all thought ;
 Though *Romes* Dominion with its weight should sink ,
 Our foes, like us, would then on *Scipio* think ;
 But to our Loves it would most grateful be,
 Did *Lelius* farther treat of Amicitie :
 Thy precepts on that subject fain we'd hear,
 Nor can it but oblige a worthy ear.

Scau. What *Fannus* moves thy *Scavola* has said,
 When no less earnest I thy Wisdom pray'd
 On Friendship's Sacred Text thy thoughts to know,
 To which *Rome's* Worthies so much greatness owe,

This

This home-bred glory first her Empire rais'd,
Whose Faith no less than arms by foes was prais'd.

Lel. To what from *Lelius* kindly you require
This time of leisure, think not his desire
Can be averse, or that your Loves could finde
Discourse more welcome to a Friendly minde;
Though well I know what strength of thought 'twil take,
And what distinctions subtle Schoolmen make,
Who in nice-worded deeds their Friendships place
Or with Pedantique Maxims it debase.
What Paradoxes of all kinds do we
Observe in Greeks admir'd Philosophy?
Our Duties they with such contest do show,
That in their Ethicks Authors Wars we know:
This makes me Judge how vainly man is taught,
Who Reason learns from Canting Schools by rote,
Forgetting knowledge is our Nature's light,
For which with Syllogisms these Gown-men fight:
Their differences fond Science did increase,
Which taught Religions to dispute their peace,
When humane-concord Faiths did soon invade
Indulg'd to Priests, advanc'd their pious Trade:
Not that we do good precepts useles read,
As our frail manners, or our Faiths them need.
Though I admire far more that Sacred life
Of untaught Nature, when with Vice at strife,
Or such a Soul for precepts is too great,
Which wise simplicity had *Roman* itate,
With courage Fortune never could subdue
But in extreams were then most happy too:
These without teaching did their Fates controul,
Who kept more knowing Schools within their Soul.
What should I *Regulus* or *Camillus* name,
With such of ours whose worth surpass'd fame?

Their lovely deeds their Countreys Love declar'd,
 Whose vertues by our foes were only fear'd.
 No publick Cheat *Rome's* Ancients did contrive,
 Who only in the Common-wealth would thrive;
 They did not greatness in soft Vestments cloath,
 But all effects contemn'd of pride and sloath:
 These Noblest patterns of best Friendships were,
 Each publick, private Amity their care:
 Thus *Rome* had Members unfinisht great,
 Whilst mean Intrigues self-ended men create,
 When to Cabal designs they close embrace,
 And in a Vizard wear a publick face:
 This shews what sublime Ethicks do impress
 The Souls of those that pious Friendships bless;
 Which in the Counsels of my Love you ask
 To be your vertues great and highest task:
 No humane good deserves a name like it,
 That does adverse and prosperous Fortune fit,
 Which to accomplish I'd be understood
 T' advise you place your Friendships on the good;
 We best our selves do guide as they direct,
 By which two Souls one common good effect.
 Man's life has many rugged wayes to go,
 The smooth our paths of Friendship chiefly show:
 Nor need I with the nicely learn'd debate
 What prudence is requir'd to this blest State,
 A subtilty by them too fondly rais'd,
 Who goodness by its wisdom would have prais'd;
 Though wise and good so strictly they agree,
 That 'tis in man impossible to be:
 Enough the prudence of my Friend I know,
 If he my Duties in his own does show.
 More to dispute than will our lives supply,
 Were like such notions that in Schools must dye;

If in my Friend I goodness Justice prove,
 By him, without the Learn'd I'm taught to Love.
 Rome's Discipline our Fathers vertue taught,
 Who out-did Erhicks Greece had learn'd by rote :
 Such, who embellish worth by reason's Law,
 Want no profoundness which from Schools men draw.
 With our best powers, if vertue we pursue;
 We for our selves at least most wisely do :
 This innate prudence first did man direct,
 His civil rule and Friendship to effect.
 When Cities layd Foundations of their power,
 Appeasing Vice the Monster did devour.
 All humane concord, so much bless'd to be
 The first effects of pious Amity :
 Without which, Mankinde still had Savage been,
 And Reason's Lord a wilde destroyer seen ;
 Each man to man a warful Privateer
 On Earth and Seas, where force could domineer :
 Did reason not adapt his mighty Sotl
 Fit for all Creatures and his own controul :
 From this high step our Natures did contract
 Man's Neighbouring kindness, and that stricter pact :
 His more United Love does Friendship name,
 Sacred to few, as 'it to few first came :
 What definition can this subject raise,
 So truly great, as it exceeds our praise ?
 Of all man's Soul's divinest gifts the height,
 Rayes of that sublime flame and Heavenly light,
 Which did the graces of his Love inspire,
 From whence Heroick Friendship kindl'd fire.
 Let others sordid riches, pleasures, make
 Th' Ignoble pastime which their Souls do take ;
 Mine never meanly shall my Soul devest,
 Or think my reason sensually can feast ;

Which most depotes the frailties of our life,
 Though with our prudence should be most at strife
 My chiefest good in vertue shall consist,
 And with my Friendship most I'll Vice resist :
 This shall direct me, and its worth preserve
 A path from which great minds should never swerve.
 Life were Ignoble could we not rejoyce,
 Our Concords in our Love's deserving choice :
 What can so sweetly our swift time convey,
 Or what such wise and kinde returns can pay ?
 In prosperous things Friends equally are pleas'd,
 And in adverse by them our fates are eas'd :
 My Friends misfortune I more sadly bear,
 Than for my self my vertue can take care.
 On Elements which Nature kindly gives,
 All things subsist as well as mankinde lives ;
 Yet not these blessings we more vulgar know
 Than Friendship does its Nobler uses show :
 From Childhood, Youth, its caution us directs
 And has on old-Age no less wise effects.
 I'd sooner live without the light or air,
 Than of my comforts in a Friend despair :
 Let Riches, Honours, on their wings take flight,
 Or in truition Fool their appetite :
 My bosom feeds on pleasures highest Feast,
 When to my Friend my Soul's a worthy guest :
 Of him, my minde a fill can never take,
 All times and seasons he does welcom make :
 His Love forbids my future good to fear,
 Or doubt my present, joyn'd with mine his care :
 Who can his life but happily maintain,
 When such a propit's burthen does sustain ?
 His Breast a Mirror is, in which I see
 A joynt reflexion of felicity :

Him absent, present, I alike delight,
 Nay dead, his vertues still survive his sight:
 In him the better part of me subsists,
 My Soul, my Body moves, but Loves most his.
 This vertue should man's best esteem create,
 Which does to such Transcendent deeds relate,
 The force of Union here the world maintains,
 Where providence with such high grandure reigns,
 Should it one cause of Concord disunite,
 'Twou'd puzzle Heaven to set its works at right:
 To humane life Man's discord is a Curse,
 Which (than all beings) renders Mankind's worse;
 This, the world's reason knows both just and true,
 Though 'tis man's crime and fate, so bad to do,
 In words who will not worthy acts commend,
 Or him that with his peril serves his Friend
 But how unworthy are such Ethicks made,
 If of their practice Reason is afraid?
 Orestes, Pylades, such Friendships make,
 As either sought to dye for eithers sake;
 This fiction we on Theatres behold,
 A Noble Moral in high Language told,
 Which to applaud, yet live less great and wise,
 Shews that our Fables do our lives despise,
 Our guilty Nature blushing to confesse
 It knows more good than we in deeds expresse:
 Thus far my speech this Noble Theam has brought,
 And what remains from others may be sought.

Fan. Too soon a close our *Lectur* us affords
 On this high subject, heightn'd by his words,
 Fit to prolong the fleeting hours of day,
 And raptures to our nightly sleeps convey:
 The thred of thy discourse yet more extend,
 Though it will length still want when it do send.

Scev. Well hast thou *Fannus* spoke great *Lelius* worth,
 Thy Love provokes him farther to set forth,
 As once I did when sweetly pass'd the day
 In *Scipio's* Gardens, whilst with us did stay
 The accurate *Philus*, gravely argu'd too;
 Yet learn'd from *Lelius* what was fit to do;
 VWho did so wisely Justice make his cause,
 That it might have been written with *Rome's* Laws,
 But on our Friendly subject more to touch,
 And briefly to declare what I think such,
 By it the most agreeing Love I mean,
 Or such admits few turns to raise its Scene,
 Which constancy and Justice must defend,
 Who's various soon may falsely be call'd Friend;
 A worthiness of minde my Love expects
 From him I love, or he my Love neglects.

Lel. Hard 'twere my *Scævola* in Friendships cause
 (VWhich of all humane has the kindest Laws)
 T'enact such strict Conformities of life,
 VWhich with our Natures have too high a strife:
 Vertue 'tis true, we chiefly should allow,
 And yet not Criticize upon it so,
 That no alloy should pass amongst its gold,
 VWhilst we our souls in Bodies do behold
 Compos'd of dross, in which 'twere vain to think
 Our minds can pass Lives-stands and nothing sink:
 Friendship I can't resist could I not finde
 A well-deserving Love in humane kinde:
 Vertue in us must this foundation lay,
 Our Friends would else like bribes their Friendship pay.
 As on this subject often I have thought,
 This worthy question by my Soul was brought,
 Whether man's helpless life or want should be
 sufficient ground to enter Amity;

Or whether giving and receiving prove
 The mutual endearments of his Love?
 Which vertues near affinities express,
 Though more the Beauties of its cause confess,
 That from our Nature's goodness did arise,
 Or from above inspir'd the great and wise,
 VVhose Souls Divinely did themselves prepare
 To fix such Concords before Friendships were,
 VVhich, had I not a Friend, its worth would show
 How much beforehand, me, the world does owe.
 Our Souls their own internal Love assign'd,
 But scorn'd to be unto themselves confin'd:
 VVhich great instinct diffusive soon was made,
 VVhil't men did Traffick for their vertues Trade,
 Unburthen'd with the freight of meaner ends,
 VVhich for design or profit seek out Friends.
 In Friendship nothing feign'd or false should be,
 A choice unmixt of man's felicity,
 Pure as we Souls in Bodies can suppose,
 VVhen to their Vice alone declared Foes,
 How contrary a course the world does run,
 And few there are who are not first undone
 Before the vertue of their Friend they prove,
 Or his ingratitude does meet their Love.
 A Friend too dearly by his Friend is bought,
 That proudly gives respects, or would be sought,
 Expecting for his good deeds to be pray'd:
 VVho takes my Money is less meanly paid,
 Than such a sordid or unkinde return,
 A grief our Souls are most oblig'd to mourn:
 Their best estate of life is then destroy'd,
 VVhen Friendship fails, or meanly is enjoy'd.
 My Love I place not to advance my gain,
 But on a worth that may with mine remain;

In which consists the prudence of our choice,
 VVhen minds are match'd that best themselves rejoyce.
 On vertues lovely-Ethicks man should feast
 Before his amity deserves a guest:
 Her entertainment highly does invite
 Our Souls the good of others to delight;
 For whose bright sake we vertuous Friendships show;
 Nay prove its force toward such we do not know:
 Who can great *Carinus*, or *Fabritius*-name,
 Though dead, and not rejoyce their living fame?
 As much proud-*Tarquin*'s memory we hate,
 VVith *Cassius*, *Melius*, vicious in our State.
 Though Martial *Pyrrhus* did with *Rome* make VVar,
 Him less than *Annibal* we hated far,
 His vertue did his Arms more-friendly make:
 But how unworthy did *Rome*'s honour take
 The cruelty of that great Punick foe,
 Our Cities lasting-*Odium* well does show;
 If we th' effects of probitie confess,
 Oblig'd by Enemies its worth express,
 How much a greater power does goodness gain,
 VVhich more familiar we with friends maintain,
 And with our hours such benefits renew,
 As most endear our Loves and Vertues too?
 VVhat's beneficial we shall surely finde,
 Though 'twere a meanness by us first design'd:
 To fly unto our Friends when fate us drives,
 Is like a Pilot in a Port survives,
 VVhich in a calm perhaps he ne'r had sought,
 So in a storm our Souls should not be brought
 To Friendship's harbour, to which we should steer
 More to protect our goodness, than our fear.
 In our best strengths our amities should meet,
 Not in our froward age, or youthful heat;

But

But when we wisely obligations weigh,
 Yet need them less than ready such to pay.
 VVhat did my *Scipio* of his *Lelins* want?
 Nor did my Fortune more my Friendship scant
 His vertue I design'd my Loves high choice,
 And his as gratefully did mine rejoyce.
 Large is th' extent of good that does accrew
 To such who wisely Noble Loves pursue
 Their profits sure, yet enter'd for no gain,
 Nor are they ours of whom we can complain
 That our concerns oblig'd us to require
 Such kinder deeds as they should first desire
 Request's a bribe good men should seldom take
 VVho would be sought to, can his Friend forsake
 The fruit and growth our vertue should expect
 Is that our Friendship greater in effect
 How then should we condemn that giddy race
 VVho their unworthy Loves in pleasures place?
 A motive we in sensual creatures see,
 VVhich for such brutal ends as kinde can be.
 No wonder then if we dissent from these,
 Who more their Bodies than their Souls would please,
 Unworthy farther mention to obtain,
 But in a vile contempt of thought remain.
 Our more Etherial minds should upward move,
 VVhose center's here, but have their Sphear above,
 From whence benignly on us do descend
 Those divine comforts betwixt Friend and Friend,
 In whom our Souls industriously delight,
 Their own fruition's in their appetite,
 Unwearied to enjoy, as to improve,
 That Friends may merit equally and Love:
 This only should their worths contention be,
 And best denotes, and profits Amitie.

VVhil' it such, self-ended-Friendships do contract
 Imply disunion as they make their pact;
 VVorldly respect mean humane Nature joyns,
 And soon, as meanly, dissolution finds.
 Man's Friendships Sacred are that still remain,
 Link'd to our Souls with their divinest Chain
 Thus far, its hight and size I do declare,
 Unless you'd more enlarg'd this subject hear.

Scav. Too soon would *Lelina* cease what's well begun,
 Rather believe thy race of words does run
 Less swift than does our ear receive delight,
 Nor have we yet from thee but distant sight
 Of that fair Gole, to which our Love should haste
 VVhen on its noblest wings it flies most fast.

Fan. VVith *Scavola's* request does *Fannus* joyn,
 As our affections we to thee assign.

The End of the first Part.

PART II.

Mark then, you Excellent, as I set forth
 The sage discussion which great *Scipio's* worth
 Did with his *Lelaw* on this Subject raise,
 For which I more his noble Friendship praise.
 Though nothing has mans Ethicks so perplex,
 As knowledge joyn'd with practice of this Tent.
 When amicably good our Manners be,
 We after life rejoyce their memory :
 But how inglorious do our Friendships fall,
 If before death we see their Funeral !
 Nor small's the task mans highest vertues take,
 When in the various change of things they make
 Their Amities as constant as their life,
 Preserv'd from discord, or injurious strife.
 This sense my *Scipio* wisely did declare,
 Who least of men had cause his worth to feare.
 He in his own great soul did grieve to finde
 Most to their Vertues less than Interest kinde.
 How few expedients of mans life comply,
 That don't perplex, or thwart his Amity ?
 In publike cares the good sometimes dissent,
 Which makes the evil worse they would prevent.
 Adversities mans friendships disunite,
 Or as we grow in years impair its might :
 Mixt with our Childhoods Pastimes is this crime,
 And more obnoxious to our youthful time :
 The Gown of Manhood must no sooner take,
 But they their friends before their Youth forsake.

To Luxury man's nature's frail and kinde,
 And for its sake our souls are oft disjoyn'd.
 Honour and Riches strongly have their cause,
 The high usurpers on our friendly laws:
 For these, unto our Forums most will croud,
 And strive in Eloquence to be most loud.
 How truly Worldlings for their money grieve,
 That not a tear for virtues sake will give!
 Most can lament a Friend or Father's loss,
 Compelling drops ill nature seem to cross:
 But if concerns of profit those obtain,
 All may conclude that such no sorrow feign.
 What Plague so desperately mans soul infects,
 As that we finde his covetous vice effects?
 For this he forfeits Honour, life of Fame;
 Destroying Goodness, to enrich his Name.
 He Friendship cheaper than his Grain can sell,
 Whose Coyne th'impression of his Love does tell.
 The Best concerns of Honour do admit,
 As glory to their Vertue and their Wit:
 Though Passions here sometimes their loves divide,
 Swelling those graces with ambitious pride:
 Dissentions from a friend such justly finde,
 That seek to byass his discreeter minde.
 Who asks what is not fit of me to have,
 More justly my Dislike than Love does crave:
 Whilst some t'assist their Vice will friends desire,
 Yet think amiss when Vertue bids retire
 From aiding of such Crimes they would commit,
 As most their Friends before their Vice will quit.
 The seeming-good the best pretences finde,
 And to oblige their ends as outward-kinde;
 And thus the inward soul of Vice conceal,
 Till deeds the evil of their hearts reveal.

A worthless love who would not but neglect,
 Since 'tis to vertue but our just respect,
 Though many ways on mankind Part impends,
 It most appears in disuniting friends,
 So ill proportion'd is our humane life,
 That vertuous men with bad must live at strife.
 The just extent of Friendship we should weigh,
 Lest we beyond its bounds our selves convey.
 Our Countries love we chiefly must preserve,
 Opposing such who from it ill deserve
 Could *Coriolanus* justly friends invite
 To assist his Arms against our State did fight?
 Who can be worthy of a *Romane* name,
 That on its Ruine would exalt his fame?
 Who *Becellinus* Tyranny would aid,
 So vilely did his Monarch-friend invade:
 Or *Spurius Melius* base designs assist,
 Or the more dangerous *Gracchi* not resist,
 Whose factious Greatness set *Rome's* hearts on fire;
 A Fever by which Empires oft expire,
 When pop'lar men their fierce Seditions move,
 And their Ambition cheats the Peoples love;
 Though all *Rome's* worthy friends did first forsake
 Th'unworthy Cause and Party these did take.
 But how ignobly *Blossius* had comply'd,
 When before me and Consuls undeny'd
 His friendship, to seditious *Gracchus* Cause,
 And was that *Roman's* friend to break *Rome's* Laws;
 Which, though his death did expiate his end,
 Declares him not worse Citizen than friend.
 Thus no excuse our Amities can give,
 If we Ill men for love of others live.
 In every act that Vertue we forsake,
 The moral good of men a foe we make.

What-

What we ask, or what we grant a friend,
 Must not to vicious self-respects extend.
 What made Rome's Consulate so wisely great,
 With all the Magistrates of *Romane* State,
 But that they use of Vertue understood,
 And never sought or ask'd but what was good ?
 From whence our vigorous State took noble life,
 And was with Vice more than with Foes at strife.

The end of the Second Part.

PART

The third and last PART.

Lest to confirm such Laws our Friendships binde
Our Amities should strictly be design'd ;
Free from Compliments with unworthy deeds,
Lest in our Souls shoot up injurious weeds,
And choke those flowers of Vertue, mans delight
Should be to cultivate, and make more bright :
Whilst nothing for our Friends but good we do,
And for its interest onely to them sue,
Secur'd in what we ask without delay,
As our desires one equal good obey.
Thus mingling souls, we mutual love endear,
And nothing great or wise without our care.
Who will deny their actions just controul,
Advis'd by friends to whom we joyn our soul
True reprehensions we from such must hear,
And what their loves require, submissive bear.
To our Friends eyes our breasts transparent be,
And better than our selves, our selves they see :
The surest Pilots to direct our course
Against the raging world's impetuous force.
No smooth-fac'd flatteries from them we finde,
The Syrens which ensnare frail Humane-kinde ;
But Truth unmask'd, as it may useful prove
T'assist our Vertues, and increase our Love.
Some whom the *Gracians* would for Wisdom praise,
As on this Theam they subtil notions raise ;
Require mans Amities should not be such,
That he may feel their burden being much.

When

Wherefore to few they goodness would extend,
 Left to themselves they are too little friend.
 Self-loves security, and meaner good,
 Have in their Ethicks well been understood:
 Who judge it too much in our life's estate,
 To suffer with our own, anothers fate,
 Others more meanly (as we touch'd before)
 For love unto themselves, would Love implore,
 And in their hands the staff of Friendship take,
 Less for their friends support than theirs when weak.
 Who thus infirmly would mans Ethicks raise,
 May womans Weakness joyn unto its praise.
 The weak and wretched justly aid require,
 From whence diffusive good is mans desire;
 The Sunshine of whose soul in Love is plac'd,
 (As by that Orb of light the world is grac'd)
 When no defects of Charity appear,
 Or interposing of our earthly care;
 The spreading rays of Vertue do obscure,
 Or yeeld no comfort which should others cure.
 This Constitution to my soul I'd ask,
 To make the love of others still its task.
 No less I grieve mans vice, than I rejoyce
 The life of Vertue when 'tis made his choice.
 Such Passion none in prudence can deny,
 It being th'effect of wise Humanity.
 The ornaments of love we soon destroy,
 Should it partake no friendly grief or joy;
 Which, man would meanly liken to a be ft,
 Or the dull Flint that hides flame in its brest.
 Wherefore we justly rigid Stoicks blame,
 Who give unto hard-hearted vertue Fame,
 And with Heroique pride so fill the minde,
 That Vertue must not help from Passion finde:

Whilst

Whilst man to man might thus unuseful be,
 And all his Ethicks but vain Theory.
 Our Souls with practis'd good delighted are;
 Be it Supream we need not passion fear:
 Our Natures something must our Souls relent,
 And not continue vertue useles bent,
 Which should so tractable and feeling move,
 That it must fix concerns with those we love.
 Who wants that sense, takes Friendship from his life;
 And has with vertue more than passion strife:
 That does man's amity contract, and raise
 Those graces higher which his Love do praise.
 What's so absurd, as vainly to admire
 That empty greatness to which men aspire?
 Or that the Body's neatly trim'd and dress'd,
 Or under Stately Roofs it feed and rest?
 Whilst the Souls decency they thost neglect;
 And no one act that's comely good effect.
 Such minds the worth of Friendship cannot weigh,
 Nor its returns, or just receipts will pay:
 Though most it does all humane-bliss compleat;
 When in obliging others we are great.
 What more Divinely can our Souls embrace,
 Or what's so like to Heavens sublimer grace?
 Which adds unto such wants we can't supply,
 Or in assisting of our good does lye:
 This I conclude all vertuous will approve,
 Whose upright manners best allure their Love:
 Whilst thus oblig'd, the wise and good select
 Such objects that like goodness most affect;
 Which Nature teaches from her just desire,
 And vertue does for greater strength require:
 Wherefore my *Scevola* and *Fannia* know,
 That to humanity this debt we owe;

The Fountain whence those streams of Friendship break,
Nor must men judge that they their goodness make
Too vulgar, if too many it enlarge,
Which plac'd on few, would seem like Niggard charge.
The vertue of their Souls most great, men see,
When publick good speaks its utility,
Which if our charity does not partake,
We love not mankind, but for Interest sake:
This cuts the knot which vertuous Friendships hold,
Rending man's Love slave to himself and gold.
No Interest I delight my Friend can give
So much, as I rejoyce his Friend I live:
And who'd so meanly worldly things possess,
As not to merit Love, or Love express?
This suits a Tyrant's false mistrustful state,
Who from the good does most suspect his fate:
No place for Friendship is within his breast,
Whose Love with thought of his vile guilt's oppress:
And from the cause he others gives of fear,
Does make their just affection his despair:
Which shews that nothing should our Loves unite,
But as good Laws and Manners joyn their right.
Time-serving Friendship's otherwise we know,
Whil'st all we can to their obligations owe
Is, that occasions to our worths they give,
Though such forgetful, or ingrateful live.
Fortune though deify'd, is figur'd blinde,
And most Infects their sight to whom she's kinde:
Who being elated with successful pride,
Think (th' insipid happy) none deserve.
How soon good manners do most men lay by,
As they encrease in Wealth or Dignity?
And with a prosperous guilt old Friends decline,
Selecting new for every new design:

Though

Though such as worldly things do most delight,
 To power or Fortune oft resign their right:
 Whilst worthy Friendships nothing can remit,
 Or chill their vigour with that Ague-fit
 Which man's instable temper does embrace,
 That in Disease of vertue good does place.
 Can any such a barbarous life enjoy,
 And it rejoyce, though Friendship it destroy;
 Or live a life deserted by his Friends,
 Rather than he'll neglect unworthy ends?
 Nor must our Loves that mean proportion shew;
 Which does no more than we'd be done unto:
 Vertue delights in good most unconfin'd,
 And less is to it felt than others kinde:
 From which impulse, the good such means embrace;
 As they'd decline to use in their own case:
 Vertue some rigour willingly layes by,
 To raise more comely our humanity.
 Well I remember what great *Scipio* spake
 'Gainst such whose Souls one equal balance make
 For Love and hatred, as if vertues powers
 Were not above the strength of vices ours:
 With whose high sense so far I'll mine compleat,
 As whom I once do love I'll never hate:
 Vertue would else her self too meanly spite,
 If for our passions she declin'd her right.
 What man to Friendship wisely can be brought,
 Whilst bad mistrusted wounds his iuster thought?
 The good and prudent well their choice foresee,
 And on like worth will place their amity;
 But weak and vicious when they Friendships close
 Soon by their own defects are turn'd to foes:
 Once more unto my *Scipio* to return,
 Whose Noble Soul as worthily did mourne,

Observing how men vertue did despise,
 And their mean interests before Friendships prize:
 VVith how much diligence accounts such keep
 Of Herds they pasture, or their Flocks of Sheep!
 Yet of their Friends-so small a number give,
 As if for men they did not useful live:
 'Mongst whom 'tis rare a generous Love to finde,
 The Phoenix most admir'd of humane-kinde;
 VVhich man's frail temper seldom does effect,
 VVhil'st to be good and wise the most neglect.
 If many on th' account of sordid gain
 Their Friendships and their Piety can stain;
 How much a greater part are drawn aside
 With the vain baits of Luxury and Pride?
 Which their Calamities oft greater make
 Than those distresses such in Friends forsake:
 A Friends affection none can certain finde,
 But in that change where Fortune's most unkinde:
 In prosperous things most lay their Friendships by,
 And with aduerse more rarely will comply;
 Both which conditions of our humane life
 VVith vertue and our selves are most at strife:
 VVho constant to his Friend in either is,
 Has in himself the best of humane blis,
 And like to Heaven in ample goodness moves,
 Not hindred by the fate of those it loves.
 Our Friends oblige our Souls and Bodies trust,
 Which shews how great's our guilt when prov'd unjust:
 Man's Faith and Love his vertue most refine;
 The brightest Gems in which our Souls can shine.
 Gentle and easie in a Friend I praise
 With such plain manners Love does smoothly raise:
 To all vain-glorious or of troward sense,
 I least desire my Friendships to dispense.

Nature has men agreeable design'd,
 Whose Faith and Vettue still continue kinde.
 A constant goodness to it selfe's a grace,
 And is the Throne on which my Love I'd place.
 What's less becoming of a Friendly Ear,
 Than if it credit what it should not hear?
 Or who'd delight in accusations brought,
 Much less accuse that would a Friend be thought?
 Such may in front appear Serene and Just,
 Though he's no Friend that can his Friend distrust;
 Doubt is unworthy of a Noble minde;
 The weak and faithless change in humane kinde.
 Nor to my Soul a question it can be
 (Did both require an equal amity)
 Whether in Youth or Years, my Friends I'de take;
 No more my reason suits, than that we make
 The Horse or Camel do our service young,
 Whil'st Friendship by long usage grows more strong.
 Do we not see how Custome gives some right
 To things we use, and adds to their delight?
 Who long has known a mountain-seat may finde
 As much content, as when from Sun and Winde
 Another makes the shade and woods his choice,
 Yet in their us'd abodes alike rejoyce.
 Many the graces are our Souls require
 To fit that union which our Loves desire:
 Superior place of birth a Friend may claim,
 But in affection must have equal name.
 Of all our *Roman* Worthies, none are known
 That would precedency in Friendship own:
 Man's vertue should like Parallels comply,
 Whose just extent in one broad line does lye.
 Though ag'd before the youthful he'll embrace,
 That with grave knowledge will his Friendship grace:

To Age our wise fore-fathers would submit,
 Which did their youth for War and Council fit.
 Where we affect, in deeds we must it show,
 The hearts untill'd, when barren Love does grow:
 Man's goodness is in good of others plac'd;
 Who lives unto himself, is meanly grac'd.
 My mind's best Gifts and Fortune I'll impart
 Unto all such who have oblig'd my heart.
 The great to meaner Friends support should give:
 He lives divinely for man's aid does live.
 Wisely did Poets in their Fables lay
 Obliging deeds great men to meaner pay,
 In which we Kings and *Her*'s often finde
 Preserv'd by Ruralls, that of humane kinde.
 None should above such obligations live
 The Cottage sometimes to a Court can give.
 Man's goodness has most Universal right,
 The mean and greatest equal but one height:
 Superiours speak themselves whose good descends,
 He's to no purpose high, that nothing bends:
 As much Inferiours by their vertue rise;
 And who is great, that can their worth despise?
 Nature in men her own degrees does raise,
 Though headless Fortune gives the worthless praise.
 Some of necessity Supream must be,
 As vertue does advance their dignity:
 Nor must Inferiours be concern'd to finde
 Fortune and Merit to themselves less kinde
 Than unto such in both above them plac'd;
 But judge their Friendships are in them best grac'd:
 Though that Ingratitude I have often found,
 Where Pride has swell'd, or made the heart unsound.
 How frequent may we hear, such men regret
 The worth of others, or meanly else repeat

Some Friendly act of theirs did it advance,
 As if 'twere meant them less by choice than chance;
 Of all men odious those I hold to be,
 Who on their Love put this Indignity:
 Basely he does his obligations weigh,
 That for them bids his Friend take care to pay.
 No value by th' obliger should be set,
 He meanly takes, that can oblig'd forget.
 Such justly may their own neglects believe,
 Who to themselves too great a merit give:
 Or else does only happen unto those
 Whose manners they suspect will raise them foes:
 Though men opinion'd thus themselves neglect,
 A vertuous Friendship succors that defect:
 Their utmost merit Love will soon allow,
 And no less aids the worth it does avow.
 Yet our affections must their limits see,
 Whose great and Noble cannot therefore be
 Oblig'd his Friend shall equally partake
 Things, which respect and Nature different make:
 No more than one beloved of a King
 Should look that it to him a Crown would bring.
 VVe must not more oblig'd our selves desire,
 Than what our just capacities require:
 The prudent will their value duely weigh,
 Who knows his price his worth in part does pay.
 Self-love's a Crime which in our Souls we finde,
 And sometimes Friendship's too Indulgent kinde.
 VVhen it impedes such deeds men should pursue,
 And to their safeties more than honour true.
 This in the Poet well we may discern,
 Where *Lycomedes* Love would so concern
Neoptolemus, who *Troy* with dangers sought,
 Neglecting kindness he too tender thought.

Truly he weighs himself and Friend, who moves
 For such respect their vertue more improves :
 No less what's fit to ask we should conceive
 Than what becomes a givers worth to give.
 Justly we can't with their desires comply,
 Whose want of merit bids us to deny ;
 And is that fate our amities produce,
 When vertue's disproportion'd for their use.
 The best of cautions men their Souls can give,
 Is not too soon their Friendships to believe ;
 Lest our affections meanly we bestow,
 Or place our Love where vertue is a foe.
 Such to endear, we wisely should select,
 Whose just desert does first their choice effect ;
 He rather violates man's friendly Lawes,
 That does esteem without a vertuous cause.
 Our Charity to all we must allow,
 Whilst Friend to all would vicious Friendship show :
 The worlds ill manners he must needs embrace,
 That his esteem does universal place.
 So few have merit, that we must not hope
 To give our amities too large a scope :
 The mean of men are mans Ignoble foes,
 And all such Friendships sordid Interests close ;
 No more of humane good in them we finde,
 Than what appears unto themselves most kinde ;
 These for their benefits the richest use,
 As if (like tattell beasts) they men might chuse.
 Such motives only can our hearts unite
 That have unto our Souls obliging right :
 Men Love themselves without design or end,
 No less should our respects endear a Friend ;
 Which if not mutually transfer'd, must be
 Design'd for ends of worthless amitie.

True Friendship such mysterious Ethicks Joyus,
 As it in two one Moral worth defines :
 A Friend unto a Friend's not less the same,
 Than if both Souls into one Body came.
 'Tis Nature's partial care in Man and Beast,
 That both too sensually themselves love best ;
 Yet man no Creature does so brutish finde,
 Whose sense does not instruct it to be kinde ;
 So far the meanest Animals agree ;
 Nay more, invite their like to Amitie.
 If this appear in Creatures rul'd by sense ,
 How much should reason for man's good dispense ,
 Lest it to which his brutal vassals bow ,
 Him Tyrant to himself and them does show.
 Our humane being has the chiefest grace
 Where Friendship's fair Societies we place :
 Nor had man's vertue e'r such greatness shown,
 If good men had enjoy'd their worth alone.
 A solitary vertue few desire
 That would not uselessly themselves admire.
 Our Ethicks then attain their Noble height,
 VVhen to our selves and others they have right :
 VVhich blest estate man chiefly does possess,
 As his Societies his Love express ;
 In this we honest glory, pleasure finde,
 And what Crowns all, tranquillity of minde.
 VVho ever was so Impious to deny
 That Friendship gives to man felicity ?
 In other things we reason may dispute ;
 In this, the most ill-natur'd sense is mute :
 That even all such who vertue most contemn,
 The useful good of Friendship will esteem.
 Such men whose manners were so strictly wise,
 As they could honour, pleasures, wealth despise ;

Yet no such Cynick amongst these we finde,
 That did reject the Love of all mankind:
 The good and bad in this alone confyre,
 Since Vice does make this vertue its desire.
 There's few ill-natur'd vicious that affect
 Their manners should oblige their own neglect;
 Or that their practise'd evil would allow,
 Did none to ~~it~~ ^{to} ~~show~~ ^{show} kindness show;
 Which tells men would in all estates receive
 Affection, to their lives a life does give.
 If any so Morose and Curst appear,
 That they for man's converse do little care;
 Or to some Solitude with hate retire;
 Yet in that bitterness they'd soon desire
 Some one to whom they might their ill express,
 And more rejoyce the evil they confesse:
 The worth of men their like will kindness show;
 Who has no Friend, lives to himself a foe.
 If man on Earth so happily were plac'd,
 That he a fill of all delights embrac'd,
 And only man's converse deare to him,
 VWho lives so bad would this a pleasure deem:
 Nay more, could one above the Stars ascend,
 And were so blest besides to comprehend
 The brightest glories Heaven and Nature know;
 Yet even all this unpleasant bliss would show,
 VWithout he could it to some breast impart,
 Kinde to partake the wonders of his heart.
 No blessing reason will receive to be
 Depriv'd of Man's converse and amity:
 These, for our help and comfort she requires,
 And do no less oblige our just desires.
 So many wayes by Nature man is taught
 How vertues pleasing good should win his thought,

That

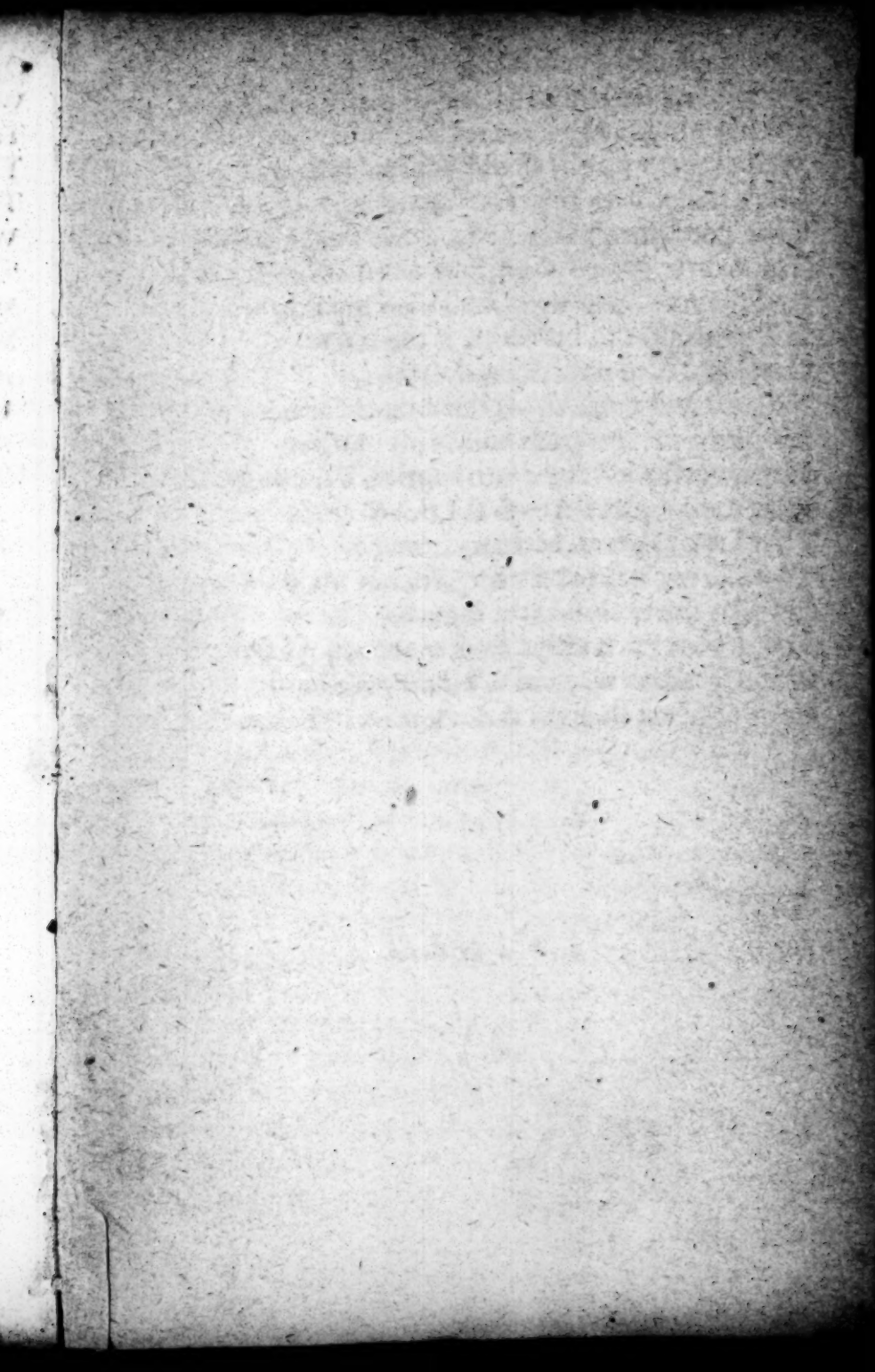
That to themselves they most absurdly live,
 Who from their Out-law'd Vice commands receive,
 Nor can men Friendship so secure express,
 As nothing shall impede its happiness:
 Some mis-conceptions we may well pass by,
 More to advance our own fidelity.
 Where I admonish, it shall be my care
 Not to offend his Love I bid beware.
 My Ingenious Friend neat *Terence* has observ'd
 That flattery more Friends than truth preserv'd:
 Truth does the vicious grieve, because their shame,
 Whil'st wise and good improve by taking blame.
 Such more unto their Vice than Friends are kinde,
 That of their Crimes would not be put in minde:
 He is a worthless Friend whose Love is lost
 In having of his evil manners crost;
 Who's so offended to himself's unjust,
 And ruins Friendship to preserve his Lust.
 Who has a wish of good unwilling sees
 How men Indulge their infelicities:
 If such we flatter, we smooth Vices way,
 Which slides more fast, if not oblig'd to stay.
 Below a Friend, or Free-mans-Soul he lives,
 That neither counsels truth, or truth receives:
 Where truth distastes, or is refus'd an ear,
 There vertues safety we may justly fear.
 Wise *Cato* this discern'd, whose prudence chose
 Rather to merit the most bitter foes,
 Than Friends that sooth the failings of man's life,
 Or would not with his Vices be at strife:
 From such we truth are never sure to know,
 Whil'st malice or revenge do oft it show.
 Who disapproves the Crimes, his Soul do wrong,
 Will joy to hear them from a candid Tongue.

There's no concern should men more cautious make,
 Than not for Friend a flatterer to take.
 Truth's Copy in no paint of sense is known,
 Whose grace, simplicity best shows alone.
 How unbecoming Eloquence does show,
 Which pop'lar men on flattery bestow :
 How loath'd are such, when we compare their ends
 With our upright and graver *Roman* Friends ?
 In Scenes of Fiction, that which seems to bring
 The truth to light, we hold the highest thing :
 What then is worthy Friendship's just esteem,
 Which in all actions falshood does condemn ?
 An open heart affection does declare,
 Which Truth discovers without search or care :
 Men fruitless Love, and are belov'd in vain,
 Unless their Souls improvement thence do gain.
 A Sycophant on him does most prevail,
 Whose heart resembles his that does assail ;
 Whil' st such to Parasites betray their ear,
 That sooth themselves, or love their praise to hear.
 Vertue her self so wisely understands,
 That all vain-glory has her countermands.
 The seeming good their vertue most do cheat,
 And by dissembling Vice make it more great :
 Such in their feign'd repute will take delight,
 Whose manners unto goodness have least right :
 With these small concord worthy men can hold,
 Whose Tongues to blemish falshood must be bold.
 If one of two obliging truth neglects,
 The other sooths such lyes the first affects.
 Can any judge their hearts are friendly joyn'd,
 When both to truth and vertue are unkind ?
 An airy Monster puffed up thought is made,
 That vainly owns such worth it never had ;

Or stupid guilt which flatter'd Souls does blinde,
 Who joy what in themselves they cannot finde :
 Though Reason's light is seldom not so keen,
 That by it open flatt'ry 's unseen :
 The occult and subtle, men should most bewate,
 Which Serpent-like glide wilely to the ear :
 'Gainst such our Prudence highly should oppose :
 Who are but seeming Friends, are worst of foes.
 Some I have known that would discussions raise,
 Appearing to decline their sweetn'd praise,
 Until they greater blandishments invite,
 And give up reason to their fond delight :
 These from untutor'd sense receive a shock,
 As all vain-glorious Wit it self does mock.
 But pass we these imperfect deeds of men ;
 To finish this high Theam, which Tully's Pen
 Gives to the world, amongst that useful store
 Of matchless Eloquence he writ before :
 By whom, thus *Leilius* his discourse now ends,
 Know *Scavola* and *Fannius* much lov'd Friends,
 That vertuous Friendship does such worth declare
 As it's relapse or fall we cannot fear,
 In whose stability our Souls finde rest,
 Though with our passions or deep care oppress :
 A splendent Love that does convey such beams
 As kindle in mens hearts their mutual flames ;
 The highest good that worthy minds can chuse,
 Whil'st bad-mens manners only it abuse.
 Who loves without ends, loves his Friend indeed ;
 He's meanly kinde, that's kinde for his own need.
 Vertue does her effects enough dilate,
 Where good's the cause, men need not good intreat :
 The wise and vertuous cannot miss their ends,
 Who prove men worthy e're they call 'em Friends.

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No less becomes the prudence of man's choice;
His like in age and manners to delight,
What suiteth youth, in old appeareth light.
Life's frailty does this just support require,
That good-men's aid and Love we should desire;
The worth of Friendship lasts when life does end;
And so great *Scipio* dy'd, and lives my Friend:
In Life and Death his vertue is the same,
Conspicuous to posterity and fame:
No great and noble deeds can man atchieve,
But may a pattern seem which his did give.
Mens worthy acts by death have their increase,
Fame most unenvy'd lives at Life's decease.
Thus I my Age and Memory employ,
To make my dead and living Friends my Joy:
Let your Loves also do the same with mine;
And to your Friendships strictly vertue joyn;
Without which no good act deserves esteem,
As its obliging thought shall close this Theam.

F I N I S.



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HOWARD, E.